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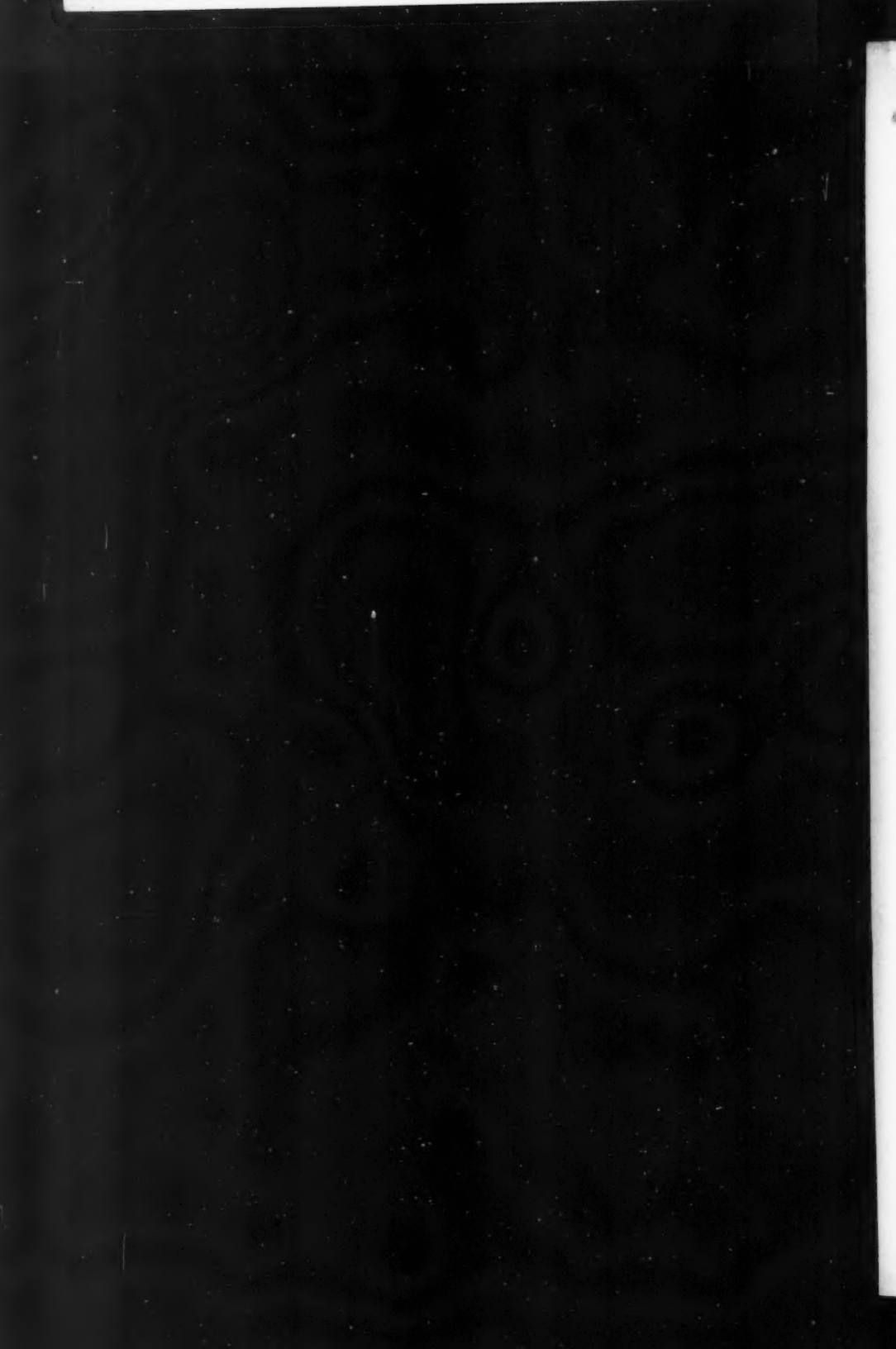
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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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Single copies of the LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

"WHEN THE ALMOND-TREE SHALL  
FLOURISH."

Open the window—for the night is hot;  
Outside the winds are blowing fresh and  
cool

And many a mile away I know a spot  
Where moonlight sleeps upon a silver  
pool

Whose waveless surface mirrors the clear  
sky,

Wherein a thousand stars like flowers  
have burst

In sudden vivid glory—would that I  
Might see, and slake my thirst!

Here four confining walls, there boundless  
space

Where Nature moves in ordered freedom  
sweet;

Here the fierce strife for foothold, pride  
of place,

The crowded human lives that throng  
the street;

There voice of mellow waters, rustling  
leaves,

Or that full silence that is balm to pain—  
Here party-cries, or the light laugh that  
grieves,

And life's continual strain.

Day after day the heavy hours pass

In languor that is neither peace nor  
ease,

O! for a resting-place in the soft grass  
Beneath an arching canopy of trees:

I am afraid to sleep lest I should dream  
Of sunny orchards pink and white with  
bloom,

Of primrose paths beside a woodland  
stream—

And wake in this dull room!

The thought of this great city seems to  
press

Upon my brain its weight of toil and  
sin;

I am aware of my weariness—

Of self and of my world and all therein;

Like some caged bird that beats against  
the bars

My spirit frets beneath its load of ills;

O! just to stand once more beneath the  
stars

Upon my native hills.

Yea, these things are a burden unto me.

The grinders cease, the music sobs and  
wails,

Now is the flowering of the almond-tree,

When the doors shut and all desire fails:  
Would that the tedious day were fairly  
done

When I shall ease me of my long com-  
plaint,

And be no more aweary when I run,  
And neither fear nor faint!

Yet if I keep the nature worn of old

When 'neath my feet are set the starry  
skies,

'Tis not the city with the streets of gold

That I shall look for with expectant  
eyes;

Till my tired heart grow stronger and  
serene,

He will be patient with me—for I know  
That He shall lead me where the fields are  
green,

And where still waters flow.

There is a river that all thirst can slake,  
Even this burning fevered thirst of  
mine

I shall be satisfied when I awake

Not in this likeness, but in one Divine  
O Earth, that God Himself hath made  
most fair,

Still fairer are the Islands of His Rest—  
Surely He keeps, in His Eternal care,  
Unto the last His Best!

CHRISTIAN BURKE.

Blackwood's Magazine.

#### IN THE TIME OF HARVEST.

Suns ere they set

Shall put the dawn to shame:

Autumn trees aflame

Their blossoms may forget:

Whence then my heart's regret?

Moons, when they sail

On silver seas of light,

Mourn not the early flight

Of the young crescent pale:

What doth my heart bewail?

More than my dreams foretold

The fruitful seasons bring:

Ah! give me back one glint of Spring,

Her primrose pure and cold;

And down into the dust I'd fling

This wealth of garnered gold.

Alas! alas! my heart, that we must now  
grow old.

Speaker.

HELEN CHISHOLM.

From The Contemporary Review.  
LOUIS PASTEUR.

Though there are kindly and thoughtful folk to whom the name of Pasteur has been a lifelong "red rag," and to whom it is a principle fixedly to oppose all that is tainted with vivisection or inoculation, even they must allow, if they take fair account of Pasteur's life and labors, that he was not always vivisectioning or inoculating, that much of his work had nothing to do with either of these unpleasant operations, and that he has, apart from debated questions, done much to make the world richer and happier. We should ourselves be more enthusiastic, and shall be; but we make this initial recognition of possible dissent, from a conviction that it is neither trivial nor simply dealt with. Nor, indeed, can it be dealt with at all until the two parties take somewhat greater pains to understand one another.

To many a creative genius—poet, painter, musician, or inventor—death comes as an absolute full stop, as far as the continuity of his work is concerned. There may be immortality, but not continuance. It is otherwise, however, in the rarer cases of those to whose beneficent life is given the supreme fruition that it shall in a real sense continue after the individual has ceased to be. This reward is Pasteur's. For though he could not, of course, wholly throw his mantle over his school, endowing them with all his insight, practical sense and experimental genius, he had, years before his death, given them the keys with which he had himself opened so many doors. Discover the secret of tartrate fermentation, and the elucidation of a dozen others is but a matter of patience; overcome the silkworm disease, and some day diphtheria will be added to the list of solved problems; inoculate for splenic fever, and the cure of tuberculosis comes within sight. Though Pasteur is dead, his life thus continues.

It has been given to few to make so many discoveries of practical importance, after any one of which it might

have been said he has deserved well of his country and paid his debt to mankind. He reformed the practice of vinegar-making and brewing, cured wine of its disorders, saved the silk industry not of France alone but of Europe, and showed how to drive out or to tame the germs of some of the most formidable diseases. But from the first, when he studied tartrates, to the last, when he wrestled with hydrophobia, his labors had two aspects—practical importance and speculative interest; and while we recognize that no man of science has been of greater economic service to his country, we must not forget how he changed the whole theory of fermentation, and played at least an important part in establishing the germ theory of disease.

## I.

## PERSONAL.

As the journals have of late discussed Pasteur's personal and private life with so much more detail than is possible to us, who have only once interviewed the great man, we need only recapitulate very briefly the outstanding facts; the more so as the main and most authoritative source to which all writers must be indebted is found in the account of Pasteur's life and labors by his son-in-law (M. Radot), made available in Lady Claud Hamilton's translation (London, 1885).

Pasteur was born (December 27, 1822) in the *Rue des Tanneurs* of the little town of Dôle, in the Jura. His father had been a soldier, decorated on the field of battle, but he had left the ferment of war for the ferment of peace, and Louis Pasteur was thus a tanner's son. But this father was bookish and thoughtful, and the mother at once enthusiastic and shrewd, and there is no lack of evidence that they knew a great trust was given them in their child. When Louis was three years old the family removed to Arbois, where, by and by, the boy went to school, and, as one would expect, played truant freely, often angling, often making telling portraits of the neighbors. From Arbois he

went for a year to the College of Besançon, where he rose at four in the morning, and gained his Bachelor of Letters diploma. It was there that his enthusiasm for chemistry was awakened. Leaving Besançon, where he had been a tutor as well as a student, he sat for the entrance examination to the Ecole Normale in Paris. He passed fourteenth on the list; but, as this did not satisfy him, he withdrew for a year, worked hard by himself, was coached by an old schoolmaster, familiarly known as Père Barbet, and in the following year (1843) entered the famous school fourth on the list. There he studied chemistry under M. Balard, but, like his fellow-students, he also attended M. Dumas' course at the Sorbonne. Among others who influenced him much was M. Delafosse (a pupil and colleague of the famous mineralogist, Abbé Haüy), who infected Pasteur with his own enthusiasm for molecular physics. Soon becoming known as a man of promise, he was called to Strasbourg as assistant professor of chemistry, and there he married the rector's daughter, Mlle. Marie Laurent. At the age of thirty-two he was appointed dean of the faculté des sciences at Lille, where the distilling industry of the district stimulated his already awakened interest in fermentation, and led to the famous series of researches in which he dealt successively with vinegar, wine, and beer. After three years' work at Lille, he was appointed (1857) as director of scientific studies in his old college, the Ecole Normale, in Paris—an institution which has had on its staff no small proportion of the best scientific men of France. In those days, however, science was still rather at a discount. "It was the period when Claude Bernard lived in a small damp laboratory, when M. Berthelot, though known through his great labors, was still nothing more than an assistant in the Collège de France." Thus Pasteur had to be content with a garret laboratory, some ten feet square, equipped at his own expense!

In 1865 he began the investigation of the calamitous silkworm disease, and

in three years had virtually overcome it. But the *Peau de Chagrin* sadly shrinks with each fulfilment of our ambitions, and as the Nemesis of persistent overwork Pasteur had an attack of hemiplegia (1868). When in the midst of his labors spending much of his time in a hot greenhouse where the silkworms were kept, his physician had told him, "If you continue living in that place it may mean death; it certainly means paralysis." "Doctor," answered Pasteur, "I cannot give up my work; I am within sight of the end; I feel the approach of discovery. Come what may, I shall have done my duty." He was spared, however, to do more for his country, and even in the following year, when resting at the prince imperial's villa at Trieste, he vindicated practically the success of his work on silkworms by making for the villa a net profit of twenty-six million francs, and that at a place "where for ten years the silk harvest had not sufficed to pay the cost of eggs."

Then came the year of the catastrophe; the strenuous spirit which well-nigh mortal illness had failed to bend was almost broken, and for a moment he lost heart for usual work amid the national grief. French patriotism, however, ever rises above despair, and work soon began afresh, stimulated now to a new intensity, more perfervid yet more tenacious than ever. The student of contemporary history is familiar with the splendid reaction of Germany after what seemed the crushing disaster of Jena, and knows the part the universities took in it, and how seeds then sown sprang up not only in the armed victors of 1812—1814—1815, but more slowly in the fairer and more peaceful development of the German universities, with all that they imply. But in England, in Germany, in France itself, people have still far too little appreciated the intensity of the resolution of the best men of 1870—"Il faut refaire la patrie"—or know how much deeper, if less obvious, this has been than the much exaggerated cry of revenge, or even than the natural and inevitable desire

for the recovery of the lost provinces, though these include French Lorraine as well as Teutonic Alsace. English and German writers are never weary of telling us of the decadence of France, or thanking Heaven that we are not as these Frenchmen; but there is another, if less prominent, side of French life and thought, as those who know it from within can testify, but which even the most cursory visitor to the great *expositions* of '78 or '89, the most careless tourist through the wine country, the most casual reader of French reviews should surely have seen. And it is a part of this national renaissance, which is fundamentally not military but industrial, fundamentally not artistic or even scientific but moral, that Pasteur's life, work, and example, like those of many another quiet and non-political worker, have been given. This renaissance is still of course only incipient, for a nation's life is not remade in a single generation only; yet those are but superficial observers who can see in the strangely mixed present of France only the fruition of the evils of her past, but ignore the springing seed.

After the war Pasteur returned to his work at the Sorbonne, where he had been appointed professor of chemistry, and to his laboratory at the Ecole Normale. The rest of his life is practically the story of his scientific work, of which his discoveries in connection with splenic fever and rabies are the most outstanding events. His was a temperament which made many enemies, but many friends also; and in his later years he had the satisfaction of seeing a school grow up around him—a reward greater than all the honors he received. Yet these were not small, for in 1889, as the result of almost world-wide homage, the Pasteur Institute was opened. Its "Annales" contain the proof of industry but little abated by old age, and of a masterly power of inspiring others.

After a period of partial disablement, and another attack of paralysis, Pasteur died on the 28th of September last, in a quaint old house at Garches, which

had been placed at his disposal for special researches. Thus he died, as he lived, in his laboratory; and if, as one of his countrymen puts it, there is one word more than other which his life suggests, it is the word *Labour*.<sup>1</sup>

## II.

## SCIENTIFIC WORK.

The course of Pasteur's scientific work is one of remarkably natural and logical sequence. As the veteran M. Chevreuil long ago said in the Academy of Sciences, "It is by first examining in their chronological order the researches of M. Pasteur, and then considering them as a whole, that we appreciate the rigor of his conclusions, and the perspicacity of a mind which, strong in the truths which it has already discovered, sweeps forward to the establishment of what is new." We shall therefore summarize the record of his greatest achievements.

As was natural in a pupil of Dumas, Balard, and Delafosse, Pasteur's first important piece of work was chemical and crystallographic, and we may best understand its spirit by recalling the work of Delafosse's master in mineralogy, the Abbé Haüy, who is still remembered for that bold attempt to visualize the ultimate structure of the crystal, to penetrate the inmost secret of its architecture, which also reappears in another way in the work of Mendeljeff. Pasteur's puzzle concerned the tartrates and paratartrates of soda and ammonia. These two salts are alike in chemical composition, in crystalline form, in specific gravity,

<sup>1</sup> As to Pasteur's philosophic and religious conceptions we have a little information, though he who suffered so much in silence was not likely to talk of his faith. "Happy is he," he once said, "who has a god in his heart, an ideal of beauty, to which obedience is rendered; the ideal of art, the ideal of science, the ideal of country, the ideal of the Gospel virtues, these are the living sources of great thoughts and great actions." His utterances at the Edinburgh Tercentenary, and at his reception at the Academy are well known. There is another more dogmatic utterance of his, which we quote from an article by M. Jean Songère: "Quand on a bien étudié, on revient à la foi du paysan breton. Si j'avais étudié plus encore, j'aurais la foi de la paysanne bretonne."

and so on, but they differ in behavior. Thus, as Biot had shown, a solution of tartrate deflects the plane of polarized light passed through it, while a solution of the paratartrate does not. The salts are the same, yet they behave differently. A note to the Academy from the famous chemist Mitscherlich emphasized the entire similarity of the two salts, and this acted as an additional stimulus to Pasteur. He succeeded in distinguishing the minute facets which even Mitscherlich had missed, he proved that the paratartrate is a combination of a left-handed and a right-handed tartrate, and did much else which only the expert chemist could duly explain. Biot was first doubtful, then delighted; Arago, who had also busied himself with these matters, moved that Pasteur's paper be printed in the memoirs of the Academy, and Mitscherlich himself congratulated the young discoverer who had tripped him up.

Already, then, in this same minute and laborious piece of work we may detect that ultra-microscopic mental vision, and that rigorous accuracy so characteristic of the man. Yet it is interesting to observe that at this early stage he was sowing his wild oats of speculation. Impressed by the strange rotation of the plane of polarization exhibited by these organic salts, he deduced therefrom an hypothesis of molecular disymmetry, and hazarded the view that this was a fundamental distinction between the organic and the inorganic. For various reasons, neither chemist nor biologist would nowadays accept this distinction; but it is hard to tell what Pasteur might have made of this inquiry had not circumstances, regretted at the time, directed his attention to very different subjects.

Being thus known in connection with tartrates, Pasteur was one day consulted, so the story goes, by a German manufacturer of chemicals, who was puzzled by the fermentation of his commercial tartrate of lime, which contained some admixture of organic impurities. Pasteur undertook to look into the matter, and probably deriving

some hint from the previous work of Cagniard Latour and Schwann, who had demonstrated the yeast-plant which causes alcoholic fermentation, he demonstrated the micro-organism which fermented the tartrate of lime. He extended this discovery to other tartrates, and made the neat experiment of showing how the common blue mould (*Penicillium glaucum*), sown in paratartrate of ammonia, uses up all the right-handed tartrate, and leaves the left-handed salt alone, its identical chemical composition notwithstanding. These and similar inquiries led him to tackle the whole question of fermentation, but his transference to Lille had probably much to do with this. For, as one of the chief industries of the district is making alcohol from beetroot and grain, Pasteur's practical sense led him to devote some of his lectures to fermentation; here, as always, as his biographer reminds us, wishful to make himself directly useful to his hearers.

The prevalent theory of fermentation, before Pasteur took the subject in hand, was that of Willis and Stahl, revised and elaborated by Liebig. According to this theory, nitrogenous substances in a state of decomposition upset the molecular equilibrium of fermentable matter with which they are in contact. What Pasteur did was to show that lactic, butyric, acetic, and some other fermentations were due to the vital activity of micro-organisms. In spite of Liebig's prolonged opposition, Pasteur carried his point; and although some of his detailed interpretations have since been revised, it is universally admitted that he changed the whole complexion of the fermentation problem. It must, of course, be borne in mind that his theory of the vital nature of many fermentations does not apply to soluble ferments or enzymes—such as diastase and pepsin—which are chemical substances, not living organisms. Part, indeed, of the opposition to Pasteur's views was due to the fact that this distinction between organized and unorganized ferments was not at the time clearly drawn.



Perhaps, indeed, we are as yet by no means out of the wood.

In the course of his work on fermentation, Pasteur made an important theoretical step by distinguishing the micro-organisms which require the presence of free oxygen, from forms which are able to live apart from free oxygen, obtaining what they require by splitting up oxygen-containing compounds in the surrounding medium. These he termed aerobic and anaerobic respectively. Practically, this piece of work immediately led to what is known as the Orleans process of making vinegar. Some years later, after he had returned to Paris, he followed this up by his studies on wine, in the course of which he tracked various wine-diseases to their sources, and showed how deterioration might be prevented by raising the wine for a minute to a temperature of 50° C. The wine-tasters of Paris gave their verdict in his favor.

The old notion of spontaneous generation still lingered in some quarters, and in 1858 Pouchet had given new life to the question by claiming before the Academy of Sciences that he had succeeded in proving the origin of microscopic organisms apart from pre-existing germs. But Pasteur knew more than Pouchet as to the insidious ways of germs; he showed the weak point of his antagonist's experiments, and gained the prize, offered in 1860 by the Academy, for "well-contrived experiments to throw new light upon the question of spontaneous generation." As every one knows, the victory was with Pasteur, but the idea is an old and recurrent one, and dies hard. Thus, not many years afterwards, Pasteur and Tyndall had to fight the battle over again with Bastian. The important result of what seems at first sight an abstract discussion has been not only an increased knowledge of the distribution and dissemination of bacteria, but the establishment of the fundamental conditions and methods of experimental bacteriology.

The transition from the study of ferments to the study of diseases was forced upon Pasteur by the pressure of

a social event, the threatened collapse of the silk husbandry in France. But it was none the less a quite natural extension of his work; it was but a further inquiry into the part which micro-organisms play in nature. In 1849, after an exceptionally good year, a strange disease broke out in the silkworm nurseries in the south of France. The silkworms would not feed, or they failed in their last moulting; they died soon after birth, or even the eggs would not hatch; in short, everything went wrong. The disease spread and became an epidemic; and year after year the pest spoiled the silk farmer's harvest. All sorts of remedies were tried in vain; the only relief was found in the importation of fresh stock. Spain, Italy, and other European countries suffered, and at length, in 1864, it was said that Japan alone was free from the disease. The industry, so important in some departments of France, was threatened with entire collapse; and to many pébrine had already spelt ruin. Memorials to the Senate led to the appointment of a Commission, with M. Dumas as its secretary. It was he who thought of appealing to his old student, Pasteur, and who eventually succeeded in persuading him to leave his ferments and enter upon a new path. The story has often been told that when Pasteur objected, saying that he had never even handled a silkworm, Dumas replied, that was so much the better; it meant freedom from preconceptions.

As a matter of fact, however, Pasteur had his preconception, and the right one. The fermentations he had studied were due to micro-organisms, why not also this disease? And he was also aware that some Italian naturalists had discovered "peculiar microscopic corpuscles" in the diseased eggs, worms, and moths. A few hours after his arrival in Alais, on June 6, 1865, Pasteur demonstrated these corpuscles, and the first step was thus secure. With unsparing industry he traced them through all the phases of the insect's life; he infected the silkworms by spreading some of the corpusculous matter on the leaves they ate; he inocu-

lated others and showed how they infected their neighbors by scratching them; he dealt in a similar way with a second disease called *flacherie*; and, finally, as the outcome of his work—which is still a remarkable object-lesson, as it then was for himself, as to the treatment of other contagious diseases—he came to the conclusion that the only escape from the scourge was through the isolation of the healthy stock and the rigid elimination of the diseased. “If you use eggs,” he said, “produced by moths, the worms of which have proved their health by climbing with agility up to the twigs on which they form their cocoons, if they have shown no signs of *flacherie* between the fourth moulting and this time, and which do not contain the least germ of pébrine, then you will succeed in all your cultivations.” The art of distinguishing the healthy and unhealthy was soon learned, and in spite of the usual opposition, Pasteur and the microscope saved the silk industry.

As soon as his health had partially recovered from the attack of paralysis already mentioned, Pasteur returned to his study of ferments, and did for beer what he had already done for wine. He distinguished from the true yeast plant other micro-organisms, apt to be associated with it, which cause sourness and other diseases of beer. A prime condition of good beer is obviously therefore good yeast; the brewer therefore must learn to use his microscope. That the important brewers soon took the hint goes without saying; rapidly the microscope has found its place—in result and often in daily application—in the brewery; and it is now making its way into the bakery and the dairy as well.

Getting next to closer grips with life and death, Pasteur attacked the problem of splenic fever or anthrax. To this disease many animals, sheep, cattle, horses, and the like are liable; and in pastoral countries it may spread rapidly, and has often attained the dimensions of a plague. Thus the Ostiak herdsman who was rich in

countless head of reindeer may find himself reduced to poverty in a season, or the Hungarian shepherd prince well-nigh lose his flocks. Nor is man exempt. As far back as 1850 Davaine and Rayer observed microscopic rods in the blood of animals which had died from splenic fever, but they did not follow up their discovery; in 1863, doubtless stimulated by Pasteur's researches on micro-organisms, Davaine had affirmed that the microbe was the cause of the disease, but his conclusion did not meet with general acceptance; again thirteen years elapsed, and in 1876 Dr. Koch made his first step to fame by satisfactorily proving that splenic fever was due to *Bacillus anthracis*.

Pasteur confirmed Koch's work with independent observations and experiments and advanced beyond it. Thus with his usual insight he explained that the immunity of birds from anthrax was due to their high temperature ( $41^{\circ}$ – $42^{\circ}$  C.), which is near the limit ( $44^{\circ}$  C.) at which the multiplication of *Bacillus anthracis* is inhibited in infusions. He chilled a fowl to  $37^{\circ}$  or  $38^{\circ}$  C., and inoculated it; it died in twenty-four hours. Again he inoculated a chilled fowl, let the fever develop, placed the bird wrapped in cotton wool in a chamber at  $45^{\circ}$  C., and saved it. As Professor Tyndall says in his vivid sketch of Pasteur's work: “The sharpness of the reasoning here is only equalled by the conclusiveness of the experiment, which is full of suggestiveness as regards the treatment of fevers in man.” The current explanation of relapsing fevers is in fact dependent upon this.

A minor episode concerning fowl-cholera is important here in following the logical progress of Pasteur's work. As others had done, he recognized the microbe at work; but he did more, he tamed it. By cultivating it exposed to air, he produced an attenuated or weakened form, and by inoculating fowls with this he saved them from falling victims should they afterwards become infected with the “untamed” or virulent form. Jenner had, of

course, reached a parallel result, protecting us from the virulence of small-pox by inoculations with the milder microbe of cow-pox; but it should be carefully noticed that Pasteur's method was quite different. He attenuated the virus of the dreaded disease itself, and inoculated with that—a striking instance of *similia similibus curantur*.

With this new clue he returned to splenic fever, cultivated the bacillus exposed to air at a temperature of 42°—43° C.—at which no spores are formed—and obtained again an attenuated virus. Confident of each step, he boldly accepted the test of a public experiment, which resulted in what we may call the victory of M<sup>é</sup>lun. The Society of Agriculture there placed at his disposal sixty sheep and ten cows; ten sheep were to receive no treatment, twenty-five were to be inoculated with the attenuated vaccine; and these, along with the other twenty-five, were eventually to be infected with the virus of virulent splenic fever; similarly with the cows. On June 2, 1881, over two hundred experts and others met at M<sup>é</sup>lun to witness the result. Out of the twenty-five sheep which had not been vaccinated, twenty-one were dead; two others were dying; non-vaccinated cows were fevered and off their food; the vaccinated cows had not suffered an elevation of temperature, and were eating quietly. One cannot wonder at "the shout of admiration" which arose from the witnesses of this dramatic experiment. The result was a wide use of vaccine and a reduction of the mortality from splenic fever, which yearly gives the economic justification of the literal hecatomb of its initiation.

To what he had thus achieved in connection with splenic fever, Pasteur made another important addition. He showed by careful experiments that when animals which had died of anthrax were buried in certain soils, the splenic germs lived on; the earth-worms brought them to the surface in their castings, and dissemination recommenced. Therefore, as he said, "we should never bury animals in fields destined either for cultivation,

for forage, or for sheep pasture." When it is possible, a sandy soil should be chosen for the purpose, or any poor calcareous soil, dry, and easily desiccated—in a word, soil not suited to the existence of earth-worms. Thus Darwin and Pasteur meet in the study of earth-worms and the part they play in the intricate web of life. The part of worms in spreading other epidemics—*c.g.*, yellow fever—is now also under investigation.

Opposition was an ever recurrent factor in Pasteur's life. He had to fight for his crystallographic and chemical theories, and for his fermentation theory; he had to fight against the theory of spontaneous generation, and for his practice of inoculating as a preventive against splenic fever; he had to fight for each step. But no part of his work has met with so much opposition and adverse criticism as that concerning hydrophobia, though it is easy to exaggerate the importance of the discussion, in which Pasteur himself took little part. Feeling ran high in this country; hence, when it was announced that Pasteur—surely best qualified to speak—was to write the article Hydrophobia in "Chambers's Encyclopædia," a shower of letters inundated the office; hence the article in question includes an editorially-demanded summary of the grounds of the opposition by one of ourselves, and to which therefore we may refer the reader.

While avoiding controversy and partisanship as far as may be, the question remains, What did Pasteur do in regard to hydrophobia? His claims are to have proved, first of all, that the disease was particularly associated with the nervous system. The virus is usually spread through the saliva, but it is not found in the blood or lymph, and it has its special seat in the nerves, brain, and spinal cord. Secondly, he showed that the virus might be attenuated in its virulence. The spinal cord of a rabbit which has died of rabies is, when fresh, powerfully virulent, but when exposed for a couple of weeks to dry air at a con-

stant temperature of 23°–24° C. it loses its virulence. Thirdly, he showed that inoculation with the attenuated virus rendered an animal immune from infection with rabies. To make the animal immune it has first to be inoculated with infected spinal cord fourteen days old, then with that of thirteen days, and so on till inoculation with almost freshly infected spinal cord is possible. In this way the animal becomes refractory to the infection, and if it be bitten it will not die. Fourthly, he showed that even if the organism had been bitten, it was still possible to save it, unless the wounds were near the head—that is, within close reach of the central nervous system. For in the case of a superficial wound, say on hand or leg, the virus takes some considerable time to spread, and during this period of spreading and incubation it is possible to forestall the virus by inoculation with that which has been attenuated. In this case there is obvious truth in the proverb, "*Bis dat qui cito dat.*" And the outcome was that while out of a hundred persons bitten, nineteen or twenty will, in ordinary circumstances, die, "the mortality amongst cases treated at the Pasteur Institute has fallen to less than one-half per cent." According to another set of statistics, a mortality of forty per cent, has been reduced to 1.3 per cent.; and of 1673 patients treated by Pasteur's method only thirteen died.

As to the adverse criticism of Pasteur's inoculation against rabies, it consists, first and second, of the general argument of the anti-vivisectionists and the anti-vaccinationists, and thirdly, of specific objections. To the two former the school of Pasteur, of course, replies that the value of human life answers the one, and the results of experience the other; but on these controversies we cannot enter here. The main specific objections we take to be three—that as the micro-organism of rabies has not really been seen, the theory and practice of Pasteur's anti-rabic method lack that stability which is desirable; that the statistics in favor of the Pas-

teur procedure have been insufficiently criticised; that there have been failures and casualties, sometimes of a tragic nature. In regard to this last point—that deaths have occurred as the result of the supposed cure, instead of from the original infection—we may note that the *possibility* of such casualties was admitted by the English Investigation Committee (1887), while on the other hand, Dr. Armand Ruffer, who speaks with much authority, denies with all deliberateness that there is any known case in which death followed as the result of Pasteur's treatment.

Microscopic verification is, of course, most desirable, and statistics are proverbially difficult of criticism. But, on the whole, we think it likely that those who, like ourselves, are not medical experts will incline to believe that Sir James Paget, Dr. Lauder Brunton, Professor George Fleming, Sir Joseph Lister, Dr. Richard Quain, Sir Henry Roscoe, and Professor Burdon Sanderson must have had grounds for saying, in the report which they presented to Parliament in 1887, "It may, hence, be deemed certain that M. Pasteur has discovered a method of protection from rabies comparable with that which vaccination affords against infection from small-pox."

### III.

So far a summary of Pasteur's personal life and scientific work, but is it not possible to make a more general and rational estimate of these? So much was his life centred in Paris that most are probably accustomed to think of him as a townsman; but it is more biologically accurate to recognize him as a rustic, sprung from a strong, thrifty stock of mountain peasants. Nor can his early rustic environment of tanyard and farm, of village and country-side, be overlooked as a factor in developing that practical sense and economic insight which were so conspicuous in his life work. The tanner's son becomes the specialist in fermentation; the country boy is never throughout his life beyond hail of the

poultry-yard and the farm-steading, the wine-press and the silk nursery; brought up in the rural French atmosphere of careful thrift and minute economies, all centred not round the mechanism or exchange of town industries, but round the actual maintenance of human and organic life, he becomes a great life-saver in his generation.

In short, as we might almost diagrammatically sum it up, the shrewd, minutely careful, yet inquiring rustic, eager to understand and then to improve what he sees, passes in an ever-widening spiral from his rural centre upwards, from tan-pit to vat and vintage, from manure-heaps, earth-worms, and water-supply to the problems of civic sanitation. The rustic tragedies of the dead cow and the mad dog excite the explanation and suggest the prevention of these disasters; from the poisoning of rats and mice he passes to suggestive experiments as to the rabbit-pest of Australia, and so in other cases from beast to man, from village to state. And on each radius on which he paused he left either a method or a clue, and set some other inquirer at work. On each radius of work he has left his disciples; for he founded not only an institute, but a living school, or indeed whole schools of workers. We think of him, then, not only as a thinking rustic, but as one of the greatest examples in science of the rustic as thinker—a type of thinker too rare in our mechanical and urban generation, yet for whom the next generation waits.

As to his actual legacy to the world, let us sum it up briefly. There is the impulse which he gave, after the successful organization of his own institute, to the establishment in other countries of similar laboratories of preventive medicine, and, one may also say, of experimental evolution. There is his educative work at Strasburg and Lille, at the Ecole Normale and the Sorbonne, and, above all, in the smaller yet world-wide circle of his immediate disciples. To general biology his chief contribution has been the demonstration of the part which bacteria play,

not only in pathological and physiological processes, but in the wider drama of evolution. To the chemist he has given a new theory of fermentation; to the physician many a suggestive lesson in the etiology of diseases, and a series of bold experiments in preventive and curative inoculation, of which Roux's treatment of diphtheria and Professor Fraser's new remedy for snake-bite are examples at present before the public; to the surgeon a stable foundation, as Lister acknowledged, for antiseptic treatment; to the hygienist a multitude of practical suggestions concerning water-supply and drainage, disinfection and burial. On brewer, distiller, and wine-maker he has forced the microscope and its results; and he has shown both agriculturist and stock-breeder how some, at least, of their many more than ten plagues may be either averted or alleviated.

In short, he has played a foremost part in the war against bacteria, in the elimination of the eliminators. But this raises the further question, too wide for discussion here—What processes of intelligent selection are to take the place of those too indiscriminating ones which are disappearing before the rapid progress of preventive medicine and hygiene? Here is the best evidence and measure of scientific discovery, that it raises new questions; in Pasteur's case, one essential to the future of civilization.

PATRICK GEDDES.  
J. ARTHUR THOMSON.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.  
MARGARET WARD, SPINSTER.

I.

The dull young man had outstayed the other guests, and Mrs. Ward was very tired of making conversation for him.

"So they are actually engaged, are they?" she said. "And the wedding cannot take place immediately? Well, but I should think Lucinda a girl with inexpensive tastes; and your



cousin is so clever, he will surely make a quick rise in his profession."

"It must be very pleasant to be clever," murmured the dull young man; and his eye wandered sadly to Margaret, who thought him even stupider than he actually was. Margaret was not much to look at. She was fat (worst of trials) and had no complexion; the fashions of the day did not suit her; moreover she was shy, and in manner at once stiff and blunt. For all that, the dull young man looked at Margaret, and not at her mother, who was a totally different sort of person, pretty, positively girlish, and universally liked.

When at last Mr. George Howard had gone away and the long evening was over, Margaret locked the door of her own room, robed herself in a sad-colored dressing-gown, struck a picturesque attitude, and (being quite ready) began to cry. She wrung her hands, too, and murmured a few lines of poetry and a few texts of Scripture; then she kissed a certain little dead rosebud, and pressed it to her heart; and then she got a needle and thread and sewed it and a forget-me-not on to a page of her journal. And then, occasionally heaving up a sigh, but quite forgetting to go on crying, she took a pen and wrote her entry for the day.

I have heard, quite suddenly, that B. H. is betrothed, and to Lucinda Salmon! So he has never even thought of me. So it has all been a *dream*? Is my life then to be spent in dreams? Well—

Dreams are true while they last, and do we not *live* in dreams?

Better so than no life at all. I would not be without the experience of having *loved*.

Heaven help me to bear this crushing sorrow, and to conceal it from all the world! Henceforward forget-me-not shall be my flower; and I shall neither desire nor expect a future other than a lonely one.

When I see Mary, I will tell her all, for I must have one *confidante*. Though it is true Mary has misunderstood this

affair, and will have it B. thought I preferred G.; as if that wretched dull young man could make any one think seriously of him at all! Nor has G. ever paid me any attention. *He* never gave me a rose—

Ah rose! sweet rose! dear pledge of coming pain—

but I must not let my pen stray into verse.

I will tell Mary *all*. True-hearted Mary! at least I have one friend; though affection dearer and nearer is denied to me forever.

From which it will be observed, that at three-and-twenty Margaret Ward was a very sentimental young lady.

## II.

All that was fourteen years ago; fourteen years, and the fashions have changed; and the girls who were learning to read then are the New Women now; and thin people (like Dr. Ward) have grown stout, and here and there a fat person (like his daughter) has grown almost thin. On the whole, Margaret is now much better looking than she was at three-and-twenty. She has forgotten all about B. H. and G. H.; she has given up writing a diary; she talks stern prose even with true-hearted Mary Moore; and she has become a very kind, wise, agreeable woman, who has a modest opinion of herself and is esteemed by everybody. She is Miss Ward still, and, being old-fashioned, she still lives with her parents; and she is so invariably cheerful that it never occurs to any one that she may be a little dissatisfied with her lot. She herself, however, is vaguely aware of the fact. "At thirty-seven" (so she sometimes soliloquizes) "one has of course still a future; but one sees precisely what it is going to be. And I do *hate* tapioca pudding when I know it is coming!"

One day, when she had just made this remark to herself, a letter with a foreign postmark was put into her hand. It was from Mary Moore, and she retired to her room before open-



ing it. When she had read the letter two or three times with kindling eyes, Margaret suddenly got up, searched out her old journal, turned up the page with the rosebud and the forget-me-not, and read over all she had written that evening in the days of her youth,—dans les beaux jours quand nous étions si malheureux! And then she read Mary's letter again, and then again the journal, all about B. H. And she was no longer in the exasperated mood which had caused the remark about tapioca pudding; on the contrary she was excited, and had forgotten that she was plain and thirty-seven, and an old maid with a reputation for wisdom. At last she bestowed herself in the little white bed she had slept in all her life, and dreamed delightful dreams; and when she woke up in the morning she was firmly resolved at once to set about doing a most extraordinary thing, which she knew would be shocking to the taste of her entire family.

"I have received a letter from Mary Moore, mamma," announced Margaret at breakfast; "she is at Meyrs in the Austrian Tyrol. She is going on to a place called Santina, where she thinks of staying a month." The last sentence was not true; Margaret's project could not be carried out without the help of prevarication.

"That's very odd," said Dr. Ward, looking up from the proofs of his Parish Report; "I met old Moore yesterday, and he told me Mary was coming home in a week. And her forty-five days' ticket must be nearly out, I think."

Margaret blushed; but added, trembling, "She asks me to join her."

"Really," said Dr. Ward, "some people would ask one to go to the moon."

"I have not been away for a year," urged Margaret.

"Nor I," said Mrs. Ward; "I should like to go too."

This was terrible; Margaret did not want her mother. But now came the vicar to the rescue, assuring his wife

that she would be much happier visiting her sister in Scotland, and that as Switzerland was universally considered the most correct playground for the clergy, he proposed to accompany Margaret himself. Miss Ward now felt that she did not want her father. She had great difficulty, however, in getting rid of him; he sent her at once for his Baedeker and pointed out the tour he wished to take; which did not include Mary Moore's Santina at all, and which was almost identical with the three or four tours he had accomplished with his daughter already. She feared her scheme was at an end; however, with the help of her brother and a little more prevarication, she contrived to bind her father to the British Isles, much against his will. "If you are tired of travelling, Margaret," he said huffily, "why couldn't you say so? What was the occasion to talk nonsense to James about my increasing age, and to suggest impropriety in your mother's visiting in Scotland alone? Well, I don't want to drag you about against your will. I shan't go without you, that is all. I'll make a martyr of myself in Scotland; and you can stay at home as you wish, and see after the Sunday School, and help James with his sermons."

Margaret sighed, for she was no nearer to Santina; she could not go without her father's consent, because he would have to pay for her journey. The position was of course ridiculous for a woman of thirty-seven; and so too was the object of her journey ridiculous. Margaret cursed her single blessedness which placed her in ridiculous situations, and was ready, she believed, to do anything to end it.

But what was she to suggest next? She remembered that to-morrow her eldest brother Frank was coming on his quarterly visit, and she resolved to try a little prevarication on him.

### III.

Frank was a doctor; a substantial married man, with a good practice and a growing family. He was rather plagued with relations, his own and his wife's, who were always wanting

advice, using his house, and borrowing his money. Mrs. Frank, an officious person, was apt to encourage them, for she dearly loved to be important. To-day, as she walked with her husband to the railway-station, she had a great deal to say about her young step-sister, Evelyn Montague. "That child is allowed to run wild, Frank. My father and his wife have no control over her. I am certain she has been in some scrape lately."

"Very probably," said the doctor. "My dear, if old Mrs. Jinks sends for her powders——"

"I'd give anything if Evelyn were safely married; though indeed if she marries that silly young Leighton, I suppose she'll defy him just as she defies her mother."

"I should like Mrs. Jinks to have some of our strawberries; and if old Muggeridge——"

"I am sure if she was my daughter I'd never send her roving over the Continent with that effete old governess. I shouldn't be the least surprised if Evelyn had arranged an appointment with Fred Leighton or some one of that sort. I declare it's enough to cause a downright scandal."

"Pooh, my dear!"

"It isn't pooh. Evelyn is so pretty, she gets remarked everywhere. You should have heard Mrs. Magniac talking of Evelyn; Lucinda Salmon that was; you know whom I mean, Frank?"

"Mrs. Magniac is a malignant gossip."

"But why is Evelyn allowed to cause gossip? I do wish, Frank, you'd interfere."

"How in the world can I interfere?"

"There are a dozen ways. We could have Evelyn here for a month, if she wants change. I really can't allow her to go abroad, who knows where, making appointments with her admirers, and with only a dummy to look after her!"

"Good heavens! I don't want Evelyn for a month. We have only just got rid of Bessie and Kathleen; and this girl must be even more troublesome than they are."

"Then will you kindly exert yourself in finding her a proper chaperon? She's my sister, Frank, and I consider myself responsible."

"Pooh!" repeated the doctor; but his wife was very determined, and he foresaw extreme difficulty in avoiding the visit of the disorderly young lady.

Margaret, when they met, struck him as a little absent-minded and mysterious. She soon took him aside and announced her desire of consulting him. "Frank," she said, "I don't often ask things for myself, but really it is my duty to be selfish this time. I am feeling very ill; so nervous and depressed, and with—with continual headache——"

"Take a pill."

"Yes, yes, I know; it's not that sort of headache at all."

"Show me your tongue; there is nothing the matter with you."

"You are in such a hurry, Frank. I know my tongue is all right, but just you feel my pulse." Margaret thought this quite safe, for anxiety and the strain of prevarication were making "her seated heart knock at her ribs."

"An excellent pulse," said the doctor; "you are perfectly well."

"But I feel very ill, very ill indeed. I want to go away; I want to go alone without papa or mamma; I want a holiday; I want to go to the Tyrol. And, Frank, I want you to tell papa you consider it absolutely necessary for my health to do so."

Frank stared; was she becoming hysterical? "You surely don't think of travelling alone?" he exclaimed. "Would you join the ranks of those odious unattached women who go everywhere and herd in *pensions*?"

"I tell you I require a thorough change. I can't help it if I am an unattached woman; it's my misfortune. I will try my best not to be odious."

He still stared; this sort of outbreak was altogether unlike Margaret. Then all of a sudden he started to his feet and seizing the paper-knife pounded its handle applaudingly on the table. "I do declare, Margaret!—I have it!—I'll go and speak to the vicar at once."

You are the very person my wife is looking for to take charge of Evelyn!"

"Frank! Frank!" cried Margaret, running after him in dismay; but nothing could stop him. He was gone; and who in the world was Evelyn?

Mincing matters is useless. The spinster's secret must be disclosed. She was going to Santina not to meet Mary Moore, for that lady was already well on her homeward way; she was going to find B. H. In her last letter true-hearted Mary had told her friend several things about B. H. She had come across him at Meyrs and had conversed with him. He remembered Margaret Ward; he was still a bachelor; he was going to Santina; and again, — *he remembered Margaret*. So Mary advised her friend to come off at once, accidentally on purpose, to Santina, and to revive her old acquaintance. Margaret had not thought of B. H. for years; but now at Mary's bidding, and prompted by a satiety of tapioca pudding, she made up her mind obediently to set forth and look for him. If he did remember her, and how he had once given her a rose, and if he was a lonely man, and if he perceived that his old friend had grown slighter, and that her dresses fitted better,—might it not occur to him, as Mary suggested, that after all— But now here was this tiresome unknown girl, Evelyn Montague, tacked on to her, to pry, and to comment, and to laugh; to get in the way and to keep Margaret inexorably down in the condition of a chaperon and an old maid. It was really very trying.

From the first Miss Montague seemed bent on making herself troublesome. She wrote that *she* wanted to go to Meyrs, for she believed that she had a friend there. "I am not going to change my plans for the sake of some schoolgirl's friendship," said Margaret stoutly to herself; and was confirmed in this resolution by a note next day from Miss Evelyn's mamma. "Do not on any account take my dear child to Meyrs! An undesirable connection is, I believe, in that neighbor-

hood." This was followed by unexpected capitulation on the part of the young lady: "I hear my friend has left Meyrs; by all means let us go to Santina."

Miss Ward neither knew nor cared what all this meant, but she devoutly wished her companion at the bottom of the sea. However they started, and it was small consolation to find that Evelyn was a very pretty girl with a demure countenance and a charming manner. She looked fragile as Venetian glass; and the poor spinster, terrified by responsibility, felt certain the child would be broken in pieces long before they arrived at their destination, and that the chaperon would get all the blame for the accident.

#### IV.

The Croce d'Oro is, perhaps, the cleanest house in the world. Mine hostess is nearly as proud of her floors as she is of her visitors' book, in which she begs every one to write a panegyric, and in which are the autographs of Lord Palmerston, the Princess Alice, and Louis Napoleon. Santina is in a pleasant valley, with clear streams, emerald turf, larch woods, and above them all strange walls and pinnacles of oddly shaped mountains. There is a church with a very loud bell; the women wear little black felt hats, and all the men are in butlers' aprons. The Croce d'Oro, with its spotless floors and its visitors' book, is in the middle of the village, and is the oldest and best of all the inns in the whole wide district. Hither one day came two ladies in a big red velvet carriage from Corblach. One lady got out of the carriage on her own feet; the other was lifted into the house by the coachman. The incapacitated lady was Miss Montague, who had fulfilled Margaret's prediction and broken to pieces on the journey; in other words, on that very morning gathering grass of Parnassus on the side of a hill half-way between Corblach and Santina, she had tumbled down and sprained her ankle.

Well, here they were at the Croce d'Oro, and the landlady was wringing her hands and crying out "Poverina! Poverina!" and Agnese and Anita and the landlady's sister and the boot-boy and the message-man were all wringing their hands too; and the English visitors (the clergyman, and the clergyman's wife, the maiden ladies, the widow, the mountaineers, the children and the widower), were all looking on with great interest at the pretty, helpless sufferer. Margaret glanced at all these people, and observed with some relief that Mary Moore was not among them, nor Evelyn's schoolgirl, nor B. H. She stepped forward without embarrassment, and was not noticed much by any one except the widower, who helped her with her parcels.

The girl was brought in, carried to a pretty room with a balconied window, and laid on a sofa. Margaret sent for the doctor, removed her hat, bathed her leg, unpacked her boxes, all very deftly and kindly. Evelyn thanked her and embraced her, said she was a dear old thing, and tried to be merry in the midst of her suffering. "I am not going to call you Miss Ward any more," she chattered. "You aren't a frump; I must call you Margaret. And, Margaret, may I retrim your hat, please? It's so dreadfully dowdy. Do you know, I don't think it's right to wear a hat like that! Oh, my leg! And, Margaret, I want you, please, to go down to lunch and find out the names of all the people here; all of them, the men as well as the women. I hope they aren't all women. My leg again! It's worse than the gout, Margaret, I am sure it is! Go down to lunch, please, dear, and learn all the names, especially of the men."

Margaret obeyed, wondering if it were true that her hat (her best hat, the hat she had come to charm a lover in!) were really dreadfully dowdy. So busy were her thoughts that for the moment she forgot B. H.

They placed her between the widow and the widower, sober, suitable company. The widow asked if she were

a hospital-nurse, and Margaret replied rather curtly. She was curt too when the widower tried to start a conversation: "We have met before, I fancy?" he said.

"I don't think so," said Margaret.

"Papa's name is Jones," said the widower's little boy, leaning forward.

"Perry-Jones," corrected his little girl.

"No, I am sure we have not met before," said Margaret; "I don't know the name. Welsh, is it?" And then she began to think that there was something in the man's face, or voice, or some part of him, not absolutely unfamiliar. The widower was saying to himself: "She has forgotten me; and how young and fresh she looks! Ah me!"

Presently a young man came in and sat between the widower and the children. "Well, old fellow, seen anything new?" said the widower.

"I suppose, Mr. Howard," observed one of the maiden ladies, "you have been making some great expedition."

Margaret nearly jumped out of her chair and a flush rose on her mature cheek. That was the man, that was B. H.!

For a minute she dared not look at him. She listened to his voice, and to her distress had to confess that she had completely forgotten it. When at last she summoned up courage to inspect him, she felt that any day she would have passed him unrecognized in the street; not because of any startling change in him, but because of failing memory in herself. He was really very little changed; he looked quite a young man still. Alas and alas! thirty-five is young for a man, and thirty-seven is old, fatally old, for a woman. However, his appearance pleased her; he was certainly handsome, with a presence, and an air of authority. He was worth making an effort for; yes, certainly, worth a decided effort; but oh dear, oh dear! what would he think of her? Margaret remembered a few grey hairs at her temples, her insignificant stature, her dowdy hat, her seven-

and-thirty years. She could only hope he might love her; and that love would as usual be blind.

An hour or two later she found an opportunity for beginning the alarming task of wooing. She was in the drawing-room reading a note which the romantic and eloquent Mary Moore had left behind for her (a note all about B. H. and her friend's opportunities), when the door opened and the very gentleman himself walked in. Margaret wished the ground would open and swallow her up; she had never felt more terribly afraid of anybody in her whole long life.

"Miss Moore told me you were coming," said B. H. after they had greeted each other. "I have waited on another week in hope of meeting you." This was astounding; never had *any* man spoken to her so. Still his next observation was a little damping. "I was stupid enough not to see you at lunch."

"I had forgotten you too," said Margaret. He smiled, remembering that she had always been blunt. She checked herself, for bluntness belonged to her usual character, not to the one she wished to assume; she had to appear enamoured, a difficult task. Margaret made a hurried effort to retrieve her blunder. "I remember the past and its,—its,—your—" she hesitated, turning crimson under a panic that now she was uttering a positive indelicacy; "in fact the past,—vividly—"

He remembered her shyness; apparently it afflicted her still. "Ah, yes," he said glibly; "I find myself quite sentimental when I look back. So many old familiar faces gone, so many fancies forgotten, hopes dropped, and all that. And the young fellows, growing up, push us from our stools and remind us unpleasantly that we belong to the past generation. That's the penalty for one's stock of experiences, over which one sentimentalizes, and which one does genuinely value."

He was not attending much; he was thinking of a little scrap of paper which he held in his hand and which had blown into his bedroom from the

balcony; but Margaret was delighted and thought his talk quite poetical. It was her turn now; what in her assumed character ought she to say? something unmistakable of course, in obedience to Mary's directions. She advanced a step; she forced herself to look into his eyes, and her voice shook like a bad actress's; she paled, and flushed, and felt sick, and wished it were to-morrow, but she said: "I still have the rose which you gave me at the church."

B. H. started. The good lady's manner was so very unnatural and peculiar; his first impression was that she could not be quite right in her head. A rose! Did he ever give her a rose? What could have made him do that? Why did she speak of it with this reverence and mystery? Stay; Miss Ward's godmother had been buried during his visit to the vicarage, and he had attended the ceremony, and Margaret also, dissolved in tears. There were flowers, he remembered; the rose must have come in somehow there; he must feign recollection. "Ah yes, yes. It was a very touching occasion," said B. H.

The spinster was much moved; he had given her the rose at their parting and now he called it a very touching occasion. It was true what Mary had said; she had not exaggerated; he was ready to fall in love with his old, his forgiving, his tender friend!

#### V.

Meantime Miss Evelyn with the demure face had been at her pranks. First she made friends with Anita, the parlormaid who had brought her lunch. "Anita, who sleeps in the room next to mine?"

"That is the English signora widow."

"And at the other side?"

"There is no room on that side, signora."

"Nonsense; I see a balcony close to mine and a dog in it."

"Ah, but to that room one ascends by another stair."

"All the better. Whose is the dog?"

"The English gentleman's, with the

legs [she meant knickerbockers] and the hat of straw; the Signor Hovvard."

"Thank you, Anita; I have finished my lunch," said Miss Evelyn, and dismissed her.

Then the young lady shut her eyes and laughed a little, and clapped her hands. She dragged herself up, and listened for a moment, her finger on her lip and her eyes dancing; then she hopped on one foot to the table and found a scrap of paper, whereon she wrote one word, *Bertram*, and one initial, *E.*; next she threw the paper from her balcony into the next one where the black bull-dog was snoozing; and then she hopped back to her sofa, and lay down and covered herself up. And when the doctor with Miss Ward came in to examine her black and swollen ankle, she assured them with the gravest face in the world that she had not stirred one inch since they had laid her down on entering. As yet, be it observed, Margaret Ward believed firmly whatever the mix might choose to say.

But the sequel to the crumpled paper came later. Bertram Howard was in his balcony, caressing the dog with his foot, and still examining the document with his name on it, when he became aware of a figure in the next window standing on one leg, and of a pair of lovely grey eyes watching him. He started, and stretched out both his hands involuntarily with a movement of sudden and extreme delight. The two balconies looked out on some chalets at the back, and there were no others; all the windows within view were tightly shut and shuttered; the balconies were not very close; whispering would not serve. Bertram recovered from his surprise, withdrew his hands as sharply as he had extended them, bit his lip, drew up his head, made a stiff bow, and was stepping into his bedroom. Then he committed the fatal error of looking back.

As to Evelyn, she had come out feeling mischievous and gay; for some reason her expression suddenly changed and tears blinded her. But

in dealing with lovers she possessed the audacity which Miss Ward only simulated. She hopped nearer. "I want to speak to you," said Miss Montague.

Certainly the man appeared angry, and Evelyn, though smiling, felt her heart beat. "It was you who came with that Miss Ward?" said Mr. Howard stiffly. "I am sorry for your accident." He held up the scrap of paper. "You sent me this, Miss Montague?"

"Have you forgotten my handwriting,—Mr. Howard?"

He tore it up. "If I might advise—"

She flushed and interrupted him. "No, you mayn't advise. Aren't you coming to speak to me?"

"What can you mean, Evelyn?"

"Why, that I can't go on shouting at the top of my voice; and I can't go down stairs, and I can't stand any longer on one leg. You must get over into my balcony. Bertram! I have come all the way from England to see you; won't you climb one yard to hear what I have to say?"

He did not answer for a moment, but looked annoyed. "How can I possibly get into your balcony? I have more respect for the,—the fashions,—than you have," he said roughly.

"How can you speak to me so?" said Evelyn.

"Have I not cause?" he asked bitterly. Then he turned away. "As you say, we can't shout on these matters; let me wish you good-night, Miss Montague."

"Bertram! Bertram! I want to explain to you—"

"Explanation is useless. I have had the explanation; if one could only believe it. I tell you frankly, I don't believe it. Evelyn, it is hard to say these things; heaven knows I thought differently of you once!" He paused, then went on vehemently: "Why did you come from England to see me? How could you write me that note? Why are you talking to me now? Why did you invite me to your window? Suppose Miss Ward were to find me here?"

"Oh, Miss Ward—"



"I am acquainted with Miss Ward; I at any rate value her good opinion. Evelyn, it is not my place to blame you, but I have told you we must part; don't give me the pain of repeating it."

Evelyn went back to her room, slammed the window, flung herself on her bed, and cried. Bertram Howard remained for a few minutes in his balcony as if expecting her return. Then he too went in and shut his window. He buried his face in his hands, and sat for a long time motionless, greatly alarming the bull-dog who thought him in a catalepsy. If he did not cry, it was because he was a man and not allowed to vent his grief in that manner; but on the whole, perhaps, it was deeper even than Evelyn's, for she still believed that "something might be done." After a time Mr. Howard got up and packed his portmanteau as if he were going away; then he rang for the landlady to demand his bill. By the time she appeared, however, his resolution had failed him, and all he requested was a room in another part of the house.

#### VI.

Ten days passed; Evelyn recovered the use of her foot, and gradually fell into the routine of the hotel; but her spirits had not returned, and she was looking like some lovely spectre. She had never seen Bertram since the day of her arrival, except at dinner when he sat at the table's farthest end. Once again she had tried writing him a note, but, remembering his disapproval of her previous communication, could not screw up her courage to give it to Anita for him. Once she thought of confiding in Margaret; but somehow a slight coldness had arisen between the two. Miss Ward had begun to mistrust the girl, and she was quite certain that Sir Francis Anderson was the undesirable connection against whom Mrs. Montague had warned her. Sir Francis was a member of the Alpine Club, the hero of all Santina, and Evelyn sometimes flirted with him audaciously. She

had known him in London, she said, and had danced with him eight times at a ball on her birthday. Shocking! thought the spinster. But by this time Margaret was so taken up with her own affairs that she did not feel able to attend to Evelyn's. Margaret's revival of her acquaintance with B. H. had gone on excellently well. The lady of thirty-seven was more interested and more excited than ever she had been in her whole life. She had written to Mary Moore to report progress; had composed the letter to her mother in which she should announce her engagement; and was considering if she were quite too old to wear white satin at her wedding. She and B. H. had walked together not infrequently; he had given her some edelweiss; she had played *écarté* with him in the evenings, and on Sunday he had borrowed her hymn-book. He had confided to her where he bought his boots, and the names of his favorite authors, his opinion of Local Option, and of the present fashion for Woman with a great big W. Altogether Miss Ward was in a condition of delightful expectancy. She knew now that thirty-seven was not too old for romance, and she hoped that she had forever done with the daily consumption of tapioca pudding. That she should be loved at last, and by B. H.! It was as good as a fairy-tale, worth having lived all those years for, all the more appreciated because so unexpected and so long delayed. The only distressing circumstance was that she was still afraid of her beloved, and could talk twice as comfortably with his cousin, good Mr. Perry Jones.

So much excitement made Margaret not quite herself; she really couldn't have been herself that fine morning on which she succumbed to the vulgar temptation of eavesdropping. Miss Ward was behind a rock sketching, when Mr. Perry Jones and Mr. Howard came strolling along the path, and sat down on a fallen tree close by. Margaret was just going to make her presence known, when she heard her own name and became paralyzed.

"She's a good, nice woman, that Miss Ward," said B. H.

"So I think," replied Mr. Perry Jones.

"I tell you what it is, George," said B. H. with animation; "you know all the circumstances, so I may as well tell you. I intend, if she'll have me to marry that Miss Ward."

The listener dropped her sketchbook, and with difficulty repressed a scream. The solid earth seemed to have dissolved. So greatly was she astonished that she had evidently not believed in her own secret predictions about her future. Never in her life had Margaret had a proposal. It was as difficult for her to realize that one was coming to her now as for a healthy youth to realize that some day he shall be a shuddering, garrulous old man. Margaret's physical discomposure under this shock of welcome tidings was such that now she could not escape; she was obliged to remain in her unheroic position of listener.

"You don't approve, George?" said B. H. testily.

"I am—surprised," returned Mr. Perry Jones; "Miss Ward is not young."

"I'm sick of young women! Perhaps they aren't all alike, but it's impossible for a plain man to know which is which of them. I forgave Lucinda; that was a silly business on both sides; but Evelyn, you see her, George, you see the face she wears! Heavens! who could have suspected her? I shall never believe in a *young* woman again, never!" He paused, then resumed: "And how I loved that girl! If I hadn't seen with my own eyes, I'd never have believed it of her. Oh! but I understand her better now! What's she here in the house with me for? Has she no conscience, no delicacy? And looking at me with her false smile, as much as to say, 'Sorry I trod on your toe, sir, and you are too easily offended.' Pah!"

"Why are you in the same house with her?" asked Mr. Perry Jones quietly.

"You are perfectly right, George. I shouldn't be here; I'll leave to-day!"

"You have stayed on Miss Ward's account perhaps?"

"Ah, just so,—on Miss Ward's account."

"It is a petty revenge on Miss Montague to court her friend before her eyes."

"Good heavens, man, do you imagine I have been courting Miss Ward? I've been making her acquaintance, that is all; renewing it rather, I knew her long ago. She's a woman of my own age—older, I believe. Courting Miss Ward? Evelyn has no more idea of my intention than you had an hour ago; nor let me tell you than Miss Ward has herself." Poor eavesdropping Margaret blushed hotly.

"But you intend to marry her?"

"If she'll have me. I must tell her some of the detestable story, I suppose."

"You will tell her you love Miss Montague?"

"I don't love Miss Montague; I hate her."

"Perhaps Miss Ward will not see much difference."

"Look here, George; I am sorry I mentioned the matter; I see you don't understand me. If Miss Ward and I come to terms it won't of course be a love-match; she's not at an age for sentiment. But she may like the idea of marrying (a single woman's position is despicable), and she may consider that as men go I shan't make an impossible husband. But I am sorry I spoke of it. A man of your cut and your history is not likely to understand my circumstances, nor my views either."

They walked on and Margaret was released from her miserable position. She went on with her sketch, no noisy sign of emotion escaping her; perhaps the lines in her forehead and at the corners of her mouth were plainer than at breakfast-time. Only once, when she was rising to return to the hotel for lunch, and was washing all the bright colors off her palette, tears rose for an instant in her eyes. She was thinking of certain things she had missed in this world, and was wonder-

ing if their counterfeit could bring her happiness. Poor Margaret! her bubble had burst. Though the prize she had come out into the wilderness to seek was lying at her feet, she had not found it in the way she wished. He had not courted her; he did not love her; he would despise her if he thought she loved him. She reflected with shame upon her conduct and her delusions; for a moment she almost determined to reject his suit. Very slowly she paced homewards, her eyes on the ground, sore and sorry, her bubble burst. And then she thought of Evelyn. It was Evelyn who was her rival, the graceful, unhappy, naughty, sweet young girl. What chance had the woman of thirty-seven against a creature like that? Her first care upon entering was to question the girl with severity. "You told me you had been partially engaged to some one, Evelyn. Answer me; was it Mr. Howard?"

Evelyn started up, her color changing, her chest heaving. "Mr. Howard! Why we,—we hardly know each other. Haven't you noticed that?" she cried.

"What was it you did to him? Was it anything actually wrong; anything you know to be unpardonable?"

Evelyn flung herself on her knees before her friend, and seized her hands imploringly. "Margaret, *it was not!*" There was a silence. Then the girl burst out into a cry. "He won't speak to me! He won't let me explain! Oh, Margaret, Margaret, won't you help me? What must I do? What must I do?"

It was not pleasant for Miss Ward; she felt sorry for the girl; only of course she had herself to think of first. Directly or indirectly she could not be expected to act as a go-between for her own B. H. and this young creature, who had had her chances and wilfully wasted them. "Once we are married," said Margaret to herself, "I will induce him to think of her less harshly. Of course I can do nothing for her now, nothing whatever." Nevertheless she pitied the girl, and her

own good fortune gave her no satisfaction.

By dinner time Mr. Howard and Mr. Perry Jones were gone, the former without intention of return. He left a message for the spinster that he looked forward to meeting her in England.

#### VII.

A few days later Margaret and Evelyn were at Josefsböhe on the Pelmer Joch. They had come up for a day's excursion in a rickety rattle-trap with a wild horse and a sulky driver; but while eating their lunch the weather had turned bad, and now instead of going on to the top of the pass they resolved upon returning to Santina at once. Then came a difficulty; the driver was drunk. Scandalized, Miss Ward summoned the landlord of the wretched inn and asked for another coachman. Mine host was drunk, too, and very surly. He didn't keep coachmen; and no one could drive that brute of a horse (an Italian horse, curse it!) but its owner. The ladies shouldn't have brought such a horse; they shouldn't have come up in such weather; they shouldn't have stayed so long. Would they have the kindness to go away at once, with their bad Italian horse and their detestable tipsy driver?

"I do wish my father was with us!" said Margaret. "What are we to do!"

At this moment an Englishman appeared out of an inner room; he had walked over the summit of the Pelmer, and had met his portmanteau here with the intention of pressing on to Silvaden. He came out of the house arguing with mine hostess, who was very extortionate and shrill, and beckoning to the small boy in attendance with his baggage-mule.

"It's,—why, I do declare it's Mr. Howard!" exclaimed Margaret. "How inexpressibly fortunate!" She ran towards him forgetting the delicacy of their relationship in the joy of finding a competent male adviser. In a moment she had unfolded to him a long list of grievances and perplexi-

ties; rain, delicate young friend with weak ankle, long way, dangerous carriage, inhospitable inn.

"Inhospitable! I should think so!" interrupted B. H. "You couldn't possibly stay here, Miss Ward." Then he looked at the driver, who had drawn up the carriage at a little distance where the descent began, and he shook his head. "I must confess your man looks incapable. You had better walk part of the way; it's a frightful road, you know."

"I know indeed!" said Margaret.

His eye strayed to the fragile Evelyn, who had walked wearily on without speaking to him. "It's too far for Miss Montague," he announced abruptly, and stepped forwards. Margaret running beside him. She remembered now that this man was no mere male adviser, but something of a lover both to herself and to her companion, and she began to feel awkward.

"There is only one resource," said Bertram Howard. "You ladies must ride my mule turn about; I am sorry it's only a pack-saddle."

At this moment the rain grew alarmingly worse. He bore down all opposition, and Margaret, not knowing how to object, was hoisted up on the mule in front of Mr. Howard's portmanteau, the beast twisting about in displeased astonishment. B. H., laying a steadying hand on its mane, walked by its side; and Margaret noticed that his eyes were steadily fixed on the young girl in front.

No one ever felt more exquisitely uncomfortable in mind and body than did Miss Ward at this moment on the pack-saddle. Two are company, three are none; certainly none when the three consists of one man and two ladies, each with pretensions to him.

"I want to get off," said she suddenly. "I can't stand it."

Evelyn turned her head for one moment and said: "Nonsense!"

"My dear," said the spinster incoherently, "let Mr. Howard walk with you." This was bungling. No one tried to further her wishes; Evelyn

felt horribly confused, and B. H. began to consider if he could not make his escape.

All of a sudden Margaret leaped from her steed, tearing her dress and nearly knocking B. H. over the precipice. "I,—I'm going in the carriage!" she cried breaking from him, as he caught her. "I'm not nervous in the least. Evelyn wants to speak to you, Mr. Howard. I,—I'll wait for her at Silvasden!"

And she sprang incontinently into the vehicle, snatching at the sleeve of the snoozing driver and startling him into life. "Get on with you!" she cried in her bad German. "Quick, quick! Go on!"

The man, greatly bewildered, lashed the horse; at the same instant came a vivid flash of lightning and a bellow of loud and echoing thunder. Margaret shrieked; the horse started off at full speed; the man and the girl, the little boy and the mule were left alone. Miss Ward was gone.

#### VIII.

In consternation they stood looking at each other. Mr. Howard thought with alarm, as he had thought once before, that the good lady was not entirely sane. However he recovered his equanimity before Evelyn had found hers. "Will you return to the inn?" he asked, his voice cold as the blast from the Ortler glacier.

"No; I will go on, *alone*," Her voice shook.

"Oh—alone! There is not much use in suggesting that, is there? Come then, you had better mount the mule."

Evelyn obeyed. Again the animal shied at the petticoats and required the man's hand on its neck. "You had better go. If you stay, Mr. Howard, you must listen to me, I warn you!" said Evelyn.

"I suppose it's a put up job. Was it worth breaking Miss Ward's neck for?"

"Oh, you don't think she is in danger, do you?" cried Evelyn, horror-struck.

There was a long silence, interrupted by thunder and lightning, and abundance of rain. "I am afraid you

are getting very wet," said Bertram anxiously; and he wrapped his coat round her and held an unromantic umbrella over her head. "If we follow this short cut we can perhaps overtake the carriage." This rid them of the little muleteer, who refused to leave the road. The boggy short cut proved dangerous as well as difficult. Apparently the carriage had passed before they got on the road again, and through the enveloping thunder-clouds they could see nothing of it on the zigzags below. Still the rain streamed pitilessly down; Bertram was wet through and supposed the girl to be the same; his ingenuity was taxed to shelter her, and without intending it, tenderness appeared in his manner.

At last Evelyn found courage to speak; all her audacity and most of her hope were gone. "Bertram, you have given me up, I understand; but for kindness' sake tell me why?" she faltered. He was silent. "Bertram, your letter explained nothing. I thought you meant to come back and see me, and forgive."

"You admit I have something to forgive? Evelyn, this is useless—marry your Mr. Leighton."

"Who told you I was to marry Fred Leighton? We have played at it all our lives, but Fred doesn't, I think, want to marry me; and I would never marry him."

"You and I were too nearly engaged for you to go on playing, as you call it, with Mr. Leighton. I told you so."

"I obeyed you, Bertram; I did. But after we had that foolish quarrel I wanted to annoy you a little, and I didn't know how to do it, except about Fred. He knew there was nothing in it. Bertram, don't you see? I wanted to annoy you; that was all."

"If you say that as a joke, I don't see the point of it," said Bertram angrily.

She sighed. "If you would only understand that much, I would tell you all the rest."

"I know it. Wishing to annoy me, you ran away from home with Mr.

Leighton, telling your mother you had gone to your aunt's; which was what she reported to me, and what Mr. Leighton himself dared to confirm. Evelyn, if I have not allowed you a chance of explanation, it is because I could not endure the pain of hearing the lie repeated by you."

"Oh, Bertram, did you really think I would lie to you?"

"It was a lie on Leighton's part. Evelyn, I saw you and him at Morley."

"You saw us? Why didn't you speak to us?"

"Perhaps I did not wish to confound you. You had no business to be at Morley, miles from your home, late in the evening, and with Mr. Leighton. Also, Evelyn, you will be surprised to hear that I came across Mrs. Magniac two days later. She told me that she had met you in what she called 'compromising circumstances,' and that she had seen young Leighton kiss you."

Evelyn flung his hand with the umbrella away from her, and sank forward on the mule, half falling. "Then of course there is no use in my saying anything. You loved Lucinda Magniac once, and of course you will believe her and not me; but she is a wicked woman. What does she mean by 'compromising circumstances'? And Fred Leighton has never kissed me since I knew you. Never, never, never!"

"Since you knew me! How often had he kissed you before? Upon my word I owe the young man an apology; I had no idea I had stolen you from him."

"Oh, Bertram, don't—don't speak to me like that!" said Evelyn faintly.

There was another silence. He restored the umbrella to its position, holding it in his left hand, while with the other he supported the weeping and trembling girl. "Tell me, please, Evie," he said at last, "exactly what it was that occurred."

She raised her head at this, and with a quick movement touched his sleeve with her lips. "Oh, Bertram,

yes, let me tell you!" she said; and began her relation at once. "Mamma was away, Bertram, and I was to go to Aunt Mabel's. I did go; but I knew you were passing through Bexford that day, and I thought it would be such fun to meet you there, and to annoy you by taking Fred with me. And I meant you to get a trap and drive me from Bexford to Morley, where I could get on the line for Aunt Mabel's. But you never came at all, Bertram, and what was I to do? I had to drive across with Fred, and the river was swollen and we couldn't get through the ford, but had to go round ever so far by the bridge. And when we got to Morley my train was gone and there was no other for hours. I thought of going back home, but there was no train at all in that direction, and the horse could never have done it by road. And I met Mrs. Magniac and asked her to take me to her house with her; but she didn't seem to wish it, and you know, Bertram, how she has always disliked me; I didn't feel I could force myself on her. There was nothing to be done but to have supper and wait at the inn for the late train; and of course Fred stayed to take care of me, for it was market-day and the place swarming with noisy farmers. And I got to Aunt Mabel's awfully late,—near twelve—and three days afterwards I came home."

"And never told your mother?"

"Bertram, I thought she'd be so annoyed that I had gone to meet you."

"Why did you tell young Leighton to lie about it?"

"Tell him to lie about it,—I! Bertram, Fred is not very quick or clever; I suppose when he saw you so angry he thought he was doing the best thing. Of course it was odious of him, and I shall tell him so. He is in Canada; I have never seen him since."

Bertram reflected. "Hear *me* now, Evelyn. I told your mother you had been seen in Morley, and she said it was impossible, as you had gone that day by the direct line to your aunt's. She appealed to Leighton, saying he

had escorted you; he assented and even mentioned that you had taken the two o'clock train. If he had not meant to deceive me, he might have explained afterwards, when your mother had gone."

"I wish he had."

"And then Mrs. Montague spoke of her dislike to our engagement, and said you were too wild a creature for a man of my age, and that you were admittedly happier with young Leighton, whose position was more worthy of you, and who had a large place next your father's. I said you had never actually consented to marry me, and that in our last conversation you had expressed yourself much as she did—"

"Oh, Bertram, in joke,—to annoy you."

"And that I would not distress you by further pressing my suit now you had arrived at a decision. I wrote to you, Evelyn, and you must have known I referred to Morley; when you said nothing about it in reply, what was I to think?"

"Why didn't you ask me plainly?"

"Because I did not think I should hear the truth from you."

"And now,—now I suppose you believe what Mrs. Magniac said," cried Evelyn; "and it is not true,—not true,—not true!"

They were nearing Silvaden by this time and the worst of the descent was over. The rain still poured down, but the thunder had rolled away into the distance and the intervals between the flashes grew longer. The mule plodded lazily on, keeping very near the edge, and Bertram's arm was stiff with holding up the umbrella, which now poured rivers off its every rib.

Just as they entered the last and longest of the covered passages, where a sloping roof had been erected to catch avalanches, a rock, detached by the swollen torrent, fell just over their heads with a report like a cannon's, and bounded off into the ravine where it smashed into a hundred fragments. Evelyn, lost in her sad thoughts, was greatly frightened, and with a cry



flung herself towards her protector; he dropped the umbrella, which sailed away out of the window in pursuit of the boulder, first, however, having prodded the mule and set him dancing and kicking.

"Evie, dearest!" exclaimed Bertram, clasping her in his arms, to hold her firm on the pack-saddle no doubt. Evelyn, heedless of her steed's buckings and plungings, dragged her lover's head close to her own. "Bertram, don't you *see* how it was? Won't you ever,—ever be good to your own Evie again?"

"Forgive me, my darling," he said huskily; and just then the pack-saddle slipped and the portmanteau fell off on one side and the rider on the other; and the mule with a loud and asinine roar ran away for six yards and then lay down and rolled on its back in a puddle. Fully five minutes passed before order was restored and the now laughing Evelyn was reinstated on the animal, whose manner suggested that he was scandalized by their confidences and their familiarities, and who after these episodes moved on even less willingly than before.

#### IX.

The expedition had been near ending disastrously for Margaret's body as well as for her spirits. When she had jumped into the carriage in the wild manner aforesaid, the drunken driver whipped up his horse, and the thunder alarmed it; they set forth at full speed and Margaret thought she was going to be killed on the spot. At the first corner the man remembered his brake, and leaning forward to adjust it, at once tumbled off his box and was left behind. Margaret was now alone in a run-away coach, on a terrifying road, in a thunder-storm; the horse was going at a quick canter which would have been a gallop had the road been smoother; the reins were dangling, and at every moment the lightning increased his alarm. The carriage bumped about horribly, and the umbrellas, sketch-books, wraps, and cushions all tumbled

out one after the other. Margaret yelled and tried to jump out; but at this moment there was no room except on the side of the precipice, and the precipice frightened the poor lady worse than the carriage. She fell back on her seat, and cowered there, saying her prayers and crying bitterly.

But all things come to an end at last; which is fortunate as some of them are very unpleasant. The horse was even wetter than Margaret, which is saying a good deal, but apparently even that stormy deluge was not water enough for him. When he came to the fountain where it was his habit to drink, he pulled himself up quite gradually and nicely; stopped, turned, and immersed his nose in the trough. Quick as the lightning itself, Margaret slipped out of the carriage, fell on the road, and there, for the first time in her life, fainted away. When she came to, the horse and the carriage had gone on to Silvaden, and she was alone and wet to the skin.

After a time she recovered sufficiently to wander on down the mountain, for an hour or two which she believed to be twelve. At last she halted in the covered passage to wait for the baggage-mule; and she thought and thought, chiefly of her adventure, but a little of B. H.; and she wondered what he and Evelyn might be saying to each other under the umbrella.

At last they came; and the moment she saw them Margaret knew that all her chances of annexing this man for herself had come to a violent end. Evelyn had won the day, as any one but a spinster of thirty-seven might have known from the first to be highly probable. The lovers as they passed did not see her at all; they had probably forgotten her existence, and they had not even picked up the shawls and cushions which she had shed from the carriage on her headlong way. So she let them pass on, and after a few minutes she shook out her petticoats and trudged along in their wake. She had thrown away her fortune; she had lost him. Probably she was no less

disappointed than she had been in the old days when he had betrothed himself to Lucinda Salmon; but to-night she wrote nothing in a journal, and she said not one word even to Mary Moore. Yet she was kind to Evelyn; and she prepared to go home and resume the daily consumption of tapioca pudding. She was thirty-seven, past the age of romance; and after all she had never felt quite so much at her ease with B. H. as she had wished and pretended.

## X.

Three weeks later Miss Ward was sitting on the deck of a steamer, and the white cliffs of Dover were in sight. It was rough and raining,—the rain had been perpetual since that day on the Pelmer Joch—and everybody almost was below. Margaret was sheltering little red-haired, seasick Miss Perry Jones from the damp, and wishing she had not insisted on going to Santina. She had deprived her father of his annual journey to Switzerland; she had not found a husband, and she had wounded her self-respect. It had been a mistaken proceeding from beginning to end.

Presently Mr. Perry Jones himself came and talked to her. "You have never recollected me, Miss Ward? When I knew you first I was called George Howard. I changed my name when I came in for my uncle's Welsh property."

"Oh,—now I understand," said Margaret.

"I was introduced by my cousin Bertram. You have forgotten, I dare say; naturally he made more impression on you. I fear you thought me, and with justice, a very dull young man."

"Oh, no!" said Margaret politely. They talked on of Bertram and his Evelyn, who were patrolling the deck together in mackintoshes. "I am fond of Evelyn, but I do not altogether understand her," said Margaret.

"And I am fond of Bertram, but I do not understand him," returned Mr. Perry Jones. "He has treated her badly."

"Evelyn behaved with much indiscretion; she has not been well brought up."

"You kind-hearted women always excuse sinners."

"I have the greatest faith in education."

"I should like my little girl to be well brought up," sighed the widower, looking fondly at the sleeping, red-haired, ugly child.

"Her temptations will not be the same as Evelyn's," said Margaret bluntly.

Mr. Perry Jones sat down on a campstool by the spinster's side. "Miss Ward, I am not a brilliant fellow like Bertram. Providence bestows its gifts impartially, and when a man gets worldly goods he seldom gets much else. I've got the worldly goods; of course they will be little attraction to you. Sometimes I am puzzled how to administer them; my life is lonely and my children need a mother. They are very fond of you, Miss Ward. I am abrupt, I know; but—could anything induce you to come to us,—to be my wife?"

He would have served his cause better had he spoken of the well-remembered bygone days, in which he had been quite ready to fall in love with her had she given him the smallest encouragement. As it was, Margaret hesitated. She glanced at the pair of happy lovers unconscious in their self-sufficiency of the rain or the rough sea, and then at the sombre man by her side who wanted a sensible woman's help in administering his goods and controlling his children.

"I wonder," she asked herself while he anxiously waited for his answer, "whether, after all, it would be worth while?"

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
WANDERINGS IN PERSIAN KURDISTAN.

Tabriz, the largest and most flourishing city of northern Persia, was left five days' journey behind us, when, on crossing a spur of hills, Sujbulak, the

most northerly town in Persian Kurdistan, burst into view, lying along the bank of a river, with its background of high mountains and its foreground of well-cultivated fields and gardens. For the last four days we had been travelling south, along the eastern shore of Lake Urumiyah, that great expanse of salt water some one hundred and twenty miles in length, that forms an inland sea in the north-west corner of Persia. Only once had we left the lake shores, when, turning to the east, we had quitted the road a few miles to our right, in order to visit the picturesque little town of Maragha, with the ruins of its once famous observatory.

The change on passing from the Turki population of Persia to the Kurds is a sudden and striking one. Amongst the fanatical Turkis—one and all Sheiyas—with their gloomy looks and ill-concealed hatred, the pleasure of travel has to be derived entirely from inanimate objects and the scenery, for as far as a word of welcome goes, it is seldom if ever that one hears it from their mouths. But the moment that their territory is passed, and one enters amongst the boisterous, pleasure-loving, hospitable Kurds, the sun seems to shine more brightly, and life, every day of it, becomes a joy and a delight; for the traveller knows how much more the pleasure of a journey is dependent upon the people he is among, than upon the natural advantages of the country. But in Kurdistan one finds both—a glorious country, revelling in mountain scenery and forest and rivers, and a delightful population, brave, cheerful, and hospitable to such a degree that even my Arab servant, who thought his people the most hospitable in the world, was put to shame.

We rode quickly into Sujbulak, so different from gloomy Tabriz, with its great dusty tunnels of bazaars, and its slow-moving, sallow-faced Turkis—handsome men enough, many of them, but lifeless and ghostlike. Here all was bustle and stir, and life and laughter. The sun pierced down between the little shops, casting its rays upon the bright costumes of the

people,—here a flash of orange or gold or pink, here a spark of brilliant green. Tabriz seemed like a city of the dead compared with this little Kurdish town, with its horsemen, as gorgeous as their saddles, cantering to and fro, and with the crowd of foot-passengers who wished one good-morning as cheerily as if they had known one all one's life. At the door of a caravanserai we stopped, and two passers-by from the street held our horses, for such is the hospitality of the Kurds; while another, seeing we were hot and dusty, brought a great bowl of iced sherbet from a little shop across the road. Every one had a kind word of welcome or advice to give us, and before we had settled down in the little room which was found for us in the caravanserai, a big tray of cream and milk and bread and cheese was brought for our refreshment.

Then a walk through the town, up and down the cool arched arcades of the bazaars, amongst a crowd of wild mountaineers, armed to the teeth, who made way for one to pass in true politeness, and never breathed a word of insult or scorn such as meet one's ears at every turn in Tabriz; and doubtless many of these same hillmen had never seen a European before, for none reside in Persian Kurdistan, and the travellers who seek this out-of-the-way corner of the world are very few and far between.

But before proceeding further I must give some description of what a Kurd is like. In color they are usually no darker, and often not nearly so dark, as southern Europeans. The eyebrows and lashes and eyes are generally black, the nose aquiline and fine, and the mouths well formed. The face is long and oval, while in stature a medium height seems to be general. The chin is shaved, the moustache alone being left, and over it no end of trouble is taken with comb and wax. The hair is usually shaved along the top of the crown, but left long on either side, though little or nothing of it is visible owing to the peculiar and characteristic manner in which the men deck

their heads. The Kurd's costume is distinctly his own, and except in the south, where he has come more or less under Persian influence, he never abandons it. A high silk pointed cap crowns the head, round which is woven a number of silk scarves and handkerchiefs in skilfully arranged disorder. The favorite colors for these turbans are dark claret and gold, with here and there a narrow stripe of some brilliant hue. The rough fringes are left hanging down, as often as not covering the eyes and ears of the wearer, and adding not a little to his fantastic appearance. Over a white linen shirt, with sleeves that end in points more than a yard long, so that they touch the ground, a silk coat is worn, crushed strawberry being the favorite color, though cherry color and white satin were almost equally common; these coats are made collarless and open at the neck and fold across the breast, being held in place by a wide silk sash skilfully folded and intertwined. In this sash the long pipe and curved dagger are thrust. Above this silk coat again is worn a short sleeveless jacket of thick black, white, or brown felt, open down the front. So thick is this material that it will not fold, and where the joins are in the sewing, the stuff is cut and fastened together by long open stitches, the appearance of the whole when worn being like plates of armor, and as such it is no doubt intended. From under the silk coat, which reaches nearly to the knees, protrude the trousers of white linen, enormously loose and baggy, but drawn in tight at the ankle. Socks of skilfully woven colored wools appear above the pointed and turned-up slippers of red leather or embroidered cloth. With a costume as brilliant in color and as diverse as this a body of Kurds of the better class on horseback or on foot, form a striking and handsome picture.

The peasant's dress is much the same, only his jacket of felt is usually worn over the linen shirt, and his trousers are of fine home-woven goat's hair.

I was not long before I called upon the vali of the town with a request for a guide to proceed with me toward the Turkish frontier, a demand that was immediately refused. I had no authority, he said, to travel in Persian Kurdistan, and I must return the way I came. This of course I had no intention of doing, and having made my purpose known to him, I bowed myself out. It was not long either before a guide was forthcoming in the person of the wildest ruffian that man ever set his eyes on, a Karapapa Tartar whose mother was a Kurd. About six feet four inches in height, he was a remarkably handsome man, with tangled black hair that protruded in long locks from under his turban in all directions, but for ferocious appearance and mild disposition he surpassed any one I ever saw. Before I had made his acquaintance a few hours he had told me all his family history. His people had come from Erivan on the conquest of southern Transcaucasia by Russia, and his tribe had been magnanimously settled by the shah on some one else's land at the south end of the lake Urumiyah. Then he continued his family history, till, with tears in his eyes, he rushed off to bring me his only child, a baby girl of some three years of age, to admire. A sweet pretty little thing she was, too. The sight of this veritable savage nursing the smiling child was a strange one. But he answered my purpose well, for he possessed a horse, and was only too ready for a little adventure, or failing that an outing, while the fact that he spoke both Kermanji, or Kurdish, and Turki made him doubly useful.

Under the leadership of this guide we left Sujbulak early the next afternoon, in the direction of the Turkish frontier. A stony hill crossed, we descended on the further side to the ruins of what once must have been a fine bridge, and forded the river a few hundred yards above this spot. The road led us along the banks of the Manguhr Tchai, through a wide valley, wooded near the river-bed. On either side the mountains rose to a consider-

able elevation, in places sparsely covered with brushwood, in others precipitous. Between the foot of these mountains and the river were fields of waving green corn, amongst which here and there appeared the black tents of the Kurds, whose flocks and herds could be seen grazing upon the stiff hillsides, while along the river bank, here in the open and there amongst trees, strayed the mares and foals. The scenery was charming,—a fresh breeze cooled the sun-laden air, and the verdure of the country added not a little to increase the pleasure of our ride. But few signs of habitations were visible beyond the tents. At one spot on the right bank of the river, where the steep mountains reached almost to its banks, we passed a half-built, half-excavated collection of cave-hovels, entirely deserted now, for the inhabitants had sought, with their flocks and herds and all their worldly belongings, the open grazing-lands of the higher mountains, glimpses of which, peaks of rock and snow, we now and again obtained.

It was still early when our guide, pointing ahead to where a small tributary joined the river, told us that we must seek quarters for the night at that spot, as there were no other fixed villages that we could reach before night would be upon us, and travelling after dark in this part of the country was out of the question, as the Manguhr tribe of Kurds are well known as highwaymen and robbers. So, turning aside from the main valley, we entered a gorge to the south, at the mouth of which we met the chief man of the village, at whose house it was the Karapapa's intention to ask for lodging and shelter. Mohammed Aghá—for such was his name—was a typical Kurdish chief, decked out in all the finery with which they so love to decorate their persons. The same cleanliness of clothes and the same intentional untidiness of turban was as noticeable here as it had been in Sujbulak. The Karapapa having made known my presence, which he galloped on ahead to do, Mohammed Aghá and

his band of three or four followers turned their horses' heads in my direction, and cantered over the greensward to meet me. Ten minutes later we were passing through the streets, if such they can be called, of his village, *en route* to a large two-storied house that rose high above the low hovels of the place. The situation of Diabakri, for so the village is called, is picturesque but unhealthy, for it is almost entirely enclosed by high walls of rock, and this no doubt accounts for the fever from which the inhabitants suffer so largely in summer. The same politeness was noticeable here as we had seen in Sujbulak, and as Mohammed Aghá passed in and out amongst the houses on his way to his own residence, every man rose to his feet and stood erect. Arrived at the two-storied gateway leading into the courtyard of the house, we dismounted, and while our horses were promptly led away to where water and food awaited them, Mohammed Aghá beckoned us within.

We were shown into a most comfortable upper room, carpeted and bedded with mattresses, where, a few minutes after our arrival, amidst a profuse declaration of welcome on the part of the Aghá and his secretary, a young Turki of Tabriz, big bowls of cool milk and cream, cheese and bread, and the paraphernalia of tea, were brought us. Meanwhile the unusual arrival of a European was causing some little stir in the village, and all the men whose position allowed of their being on terms of intimacy with their Aghá came and called, one and all welcoming me to their country. On making inquiries, I was told that, in the memory of the Aghá, who was perhaps forty to forty-five years of age, only five Europeans had visited this secluded spot. Refreshed after our ride, we sauntered out under the guidance of some of the Aghá's friends, and climbed the high hill that rises almost precipitously to the south of the village. We crossed first the little stream, clear as crystal, that runs through the grove of trees opposite the



Aghá's residence, and then by a mere sheep-track scrambled to the summit, some three hundred or four hundred feet above. Near the top is a large natural cave, into which the sheep and goats are driven in winter for protection from the cold and the wolves. From the outer hall of the cave a narrow passage, in places a yard in height, leads one by a circuitous route to a second and still larger chamber. The lights we had were dim, and one could only gain a very faint idea of the size and height of this rock chamber, but it appeared to be of very considerable dimensions. Emerging wet and muddy, we climbed to the rocky summit of the hill, and there sat down to rest and admire the surrounding scenery of gorge and mountain-top. Returning to the Aghá's house, dinner was served in great trays, bearing savory dishes of eggs, fowl, mutton, and delicious little sauces of pickles, the whole succeeded by the bowls of cream and milk; that we were now beginning to look upon as our staple article of food. The evening was passed pleasantly enough with the Aghá, his secretary, a regular Turki dandy, and one or two of the Aghá's Kurdish friends, nearly as gorgeous in appearance as himself. Until we lay down to sleep, two huge warriors guarded the door on the inside, standing one at each lintel, rifle in hand, and begirt with many cartridge-belts; and when at length we sought rest upon the mattresses that formed divans all round the room, these guards merely stepped without, and took up their position on the landing at the head of the stairs. But my evening brought me disappointment in one respect, in that Mohammed Aghá advised me very strongly to abandon my journey toward the Turkish frontier in that direction, as the Manguhr tribe were at war amongst themselves, and I should find not only the villages empty of men, but also very probably armed bands of lawless robbers in every direction. This advice I listened to readily enough, for not only had the Aghá no object in wishing to persuade me to

turn back, but he was also, from the high position he held, thoroughly aware of what was passing near the frontier; and his recommendation that I should skirt the southern limits of the Manguhr tribelands and make for Serdasht, some three days' journey to the south, seemed in every way to be worth consideration.

So it was that the following day I found myself once more in Sujbulak. During the few hours' ride from Diabakri to that town I took advantage of the proximity of a large encampment of Kurds to visit their tents, in approaching which we were able to obtain evidence that the Aghá's statement as to the disturbed state of the country was not far wrong; for no sooner were we four horsemen seen than a small commotion commenced in the encampment, and from almost every one of the tents men armed to the teeth appeared, one and all busy loading their Martini rifles. However, a shout from our Karapapa friend soon put matters right, and the men who only a few minutes previously were a band of armed ruffians, on our arrival had resumed their more peaceful appearance of shepherds, and in place of rifles bowls of fresh milk and *leben*—the delicious sour milk of the country—were in their hands.

The tents of the Kurds, in which they seek the pasturage of the mountains in summer, vary very much in size, though in appearance and shape they conform throughout to one plan. The covering of the tents consists of long narrow strips of black goat's-hair material sewn together lengthways. Along the centre of the tent this roofing is supported on three to five poles according to the size, and stretched out by ropes which, made fast to the edge of the roofing, are pegged securely to the ground. The poles within the tent being of some height, usually eight to ten feet, the edge of the tenting does not nearly reach the ground; but walls are formed of matting of reeds, held together by black goat's-hair thread, which is often so arranged as to form patterns on the yellow mats. Nothing



could have been kinder than our reception by these wild Kurds, and it was only with difficulty that we could escape their pressing invitation to pass the remainder of the day and the night in their tents, and could prevent them killing a sheep in our honor. Although in the streets of Sujbulak we had seen a number of Kurdish women, it was here that we first came across them in their peasant life and peasant dress—and picturesque enough they were, in spite of the fact that the proximity of the clear flowing river did not appear to tempt them to overmuch use of its water. Above the loose trousers of dark-blue or red cotton they wore jackets of the same material or of cloth, richly decorated with silver buttons and coins, while most of them wore long strings of Persian silver money bound round their foreheads.

It was my object after the result of my interview with the officials at Sujbulak to attract as little attention as possible, and accordingly, under the guidance of the Karapapa, we entered the town by a back-way, and winding through a few dusty streets, with poor mud-houses on either hand, drew rein at the large wooden doorway of one of rather more promising appearance, and a minute or two later had taken up our quarters within. This custom of lodging in private houses exists all through Kurdistan, and is one that renders travelling in those parts far easier and more interesting than it would be were one to lodge in caravanserais or seek the seclusion of a tent. Certainly it has drawbacks; there is a want of privacy and no want of vermin; but taking into consideration the advantages and the disadvantages, I have no hesitation in stating that the former largely outnumber the latter. One obtains far more insight into the manners and customs and life of the people; one is able to gather a fund of information that would otherwise be lost, and all superfluous baggage is unnecessary, for the cooking will be done willingly enough by the owners of the house, while the appliances for making tea, etc., are found everywhere. We

tethered our horses in the yard, and sought the seclusion of a smoke-begrimed room within, which, with the exception of its blackened walls and ceiling, was clean enough.

The family with whom we had taken up our lodging consisted of the two wives of an absent husband and his two young sons, the elder of whom, a handsome youth of some sixteen years of age, was carrying on a most reprehensible flirtation with his young stepmother, his father's lately annexed bride. It was a case of the cat being away, for the good father, trudging to Mecca on the pilgrimage, had been absent over a year and five months. It was to be our lot, however, to witness his home-coming, for about midnight a loud banging at the outer door awoke us all, and on the heavy beam which held it closed being removed, the faithful Haji appeared, travel-stained and weary. What rejoicings there were! every one laughed and sang—only the youth and his pretty stepmother seemed disappointed, for here at last was the end of their flirtation! Dawn broke, and we seemed no nearer making a start than we had been the evening before, for no guide was forthcoming, and none of us three—Englishman, Turki, and Arab—spoke Kermanji. But it was the home-returning pilgrim who rescued us from our dilemma. In spite of the fact that for nearly a year he had been trudging overland from Mecca—he had come via Syria and Asia Minor and Mosul—he volunteered at once to guide us to Serdasht on foot—an offer I was not slow to accept. So saying farewell to his family, to whom he had only just been reunited after nearly eighteen months' absence, he took his staff in hand, and mounting our horses we set out. I am not sure, but I rather fancy I detected a smile and a wink on the part of the younger wife, as she broke the news to her handsome young stepson. *O tempora! O mores!*

Our road led us first along a grassy valley, watered by a tiny stream that has a southerly direction from Sujbulak, but it was not long before we had

reached its higher end and were climbing the steep grassy hills beyond. A pass of fifty-four hundred feet above the sea-level was crossed, and a steep descent on the further side brought us to the valley of the river Ghrenna, a fast-running stream flowing between hills of long grass. In spite of the want of vegetation, the scenery was by no means to be despised, for spring was at its full and wild flowers were in bloom everywhere, such wild flowers as we know in England, amongst others the blue forget-me-not. Storks and sea-gulls—the latter no doubt from the salt lake of Urumiyah—sought their food on the grassy banks of the stream; and the sheep and goats that grazed, led here and there by the Kurd children, looked fat and happy and contented. During the afternoon a solitary village was passed, deserted by its inhabitants, who had sought their summer pastures. There was something sad and depressing about these abandoned villages of Kurdistan, and one could not help fancying that some plague or war had carried off the villagers. The manner in which the houses are left, too, adds to this impression, for the doors are wide open, and the rooms bare, as if there had not been time even to close them up. Towards sunset, after ascending by a winding path the high mountains which we had seen in front of us for a long time, we drew rein at a group of shepherds' tents, at an altitude of nearly six thousand feet above the sea-level. The dozen or so of tents that formed the little village were pitched in a small gorge leading into the narrow valley we were ascending, only a few hundred yards off the road. They were poor enough, these Kurds of the mountain-tops, merely the shepherds, in fact, tending the flocks of one of the rich chieftains, whose village we were to visit the following day; but they welcomed us to such hospitality as it was in their means to show us. What a bleating there was as the herds and flocks were driven to the encampment for the night, and the little lambs turned out to seek their evening meal!

What a searching of mothers for their young, and of the young for their mothers!

Next day, in the valley of the Sheh Tchah, we came across the large tent encampment of Baiz Aghá, the nephew and representative of the great Kurdish chief Gader Aghá. The Aghá had chosen a natural amphitheatre on the north bank of the river for his summer quarters, and in this, on the hillside, his tents formed a crescent, between the points of which, and in the centre, stood a tent larger and handsomer than all. Quantities of flocks and herds, cattle and mares, fed in the valley, and the encampment was bright with saddled horses and gaily dressed Kurds. Toward this central tent we proceeded. While we were about one hundred yards away from it, a number of the Kurds, one and all with their rifles on their backs, and their waists and shoulders bedecked with cartridge-belts, hurried forward to hold our horses, and leading us toward the tent, bade us dismount. In a minute our bridles and saddle-bags were off, the heavy stirrups tied up to the pommel of the saddle, and our steeds were led away to graze on the banks of the stream in the long fresh grass. With many protestations of welcome I was led into the great tent of Baiz Aghá.

Before I speak of this young chief and the other hosts who so kindly entertained me, a few words must be said as to his reception-tent. This, like all the tents of Kurdistan, consisted of the usual black woven goat's-hair material supported on high poles, the whole surrounded with walls of canvas. In this case the tent was some thirty-five feet in length by fifteen wide, and was carpeted all round the walls with thick brown felting and carpets. The centre was left uncovered, and here the floor consisted of beaten clay, worked almost as hard and as polished as stone, and scrupulously clean, as was everything within. In this clay floor a hole answered as a fireplace; for the nights at this altitude, even in May, are often very cold. On either

side of the entrance, and just within the tent, stood guards, wild-looking Kurds in typical peasant costume, each bearing a Martini rifle, and wearing three or four cartridge-belts stuffed full of cartridges, and with the curved dagger of the country stuck in their wide sashes. But it was not these wild ruffians of tribal soldiery that attracted one's attention as one entered; for within, seated on a carpet at the right of the entrance, sat a man who, from his personal appearance and the manner in which he was dressed, made one oblivious of all else. In Baiz Aghá, for it was he, all that was best of the Kurd was apparent. Born of the greatest of all the Kurdish families of Persia, there flows in his veins as pure a blood as could be found anywhere; and this fact is apparent the moment that one sees his face. His skin is pale and fair, a tinge of color being just apparent on either cheek, and the lips red. The face in form is oval and rather long, the nose slightly arched and very fine. His eyes, of deep black, point slightly up at the extremities, and are surrounded by dark eyelashes; while the eyebrows, if anything darker, are arched, and nearly meet over the nose. The mouth is delicate and rather more than ordinarily pink, the lips showing the shape of the bow. A fine, almost imperceptible, moustache shaded his upper lip. In fact, it was a face of delicate refinement, lacking if anything in manliness—though this no doubt was owing somewhat to the fact that while the majority of the Kurds who surrounded him were sunburnt, his skin showed from its delicate pink and whiteness that he seldom exposed himself to the sun. To add to his handsome appearance, he wore upon his head a tall pointed cap of canary-yellow silk woven with a gold thread, while wound round it were the many-colored silk scarves with which the Kurds delight to decorate themselves. In his case, as generally with the better-class Kurds, these consisted of handkerchiefs of dark claret-colored silk, with here and there a narrow strip of color or gold. A long coat of "crushed straw-

berry" satin, crossed over the breast, reached to his knees, bound at the waist by a wide sash of gold and white brocade. At the neck a finely edged cambric shirt was visible, and the sleeves of the same protruded from those of the satin coat, and hung in long points a yard or more upon the ground. In his belt were a dagger and a pipe. His legs were encased as far as the ankles in the huge baggy white trousers of the country, while his feet were bare, a pair of richly embroidered cloth slippers resting before him. Such was Baiz Aghá, a young man of perhaps five-and-twenty years of age, a chief of one of the most powerful tribes of all Persian Kurdistan.

Refusing the Aghá's kind invitation to spend the night in his camp, after partaking of refreshments, and resting ourselves and our horses a couple of hours, I set out once more on the road to Serdasht. Keeping to the bank of the Sheh Tchai for an hour or so, we eventually turned off to the south, and following the course of a small tributary of the river, proceeded up its course until, the stream left behind, we reached the head of the pass at an altitude of only a little under seven thousand feet.

Here it was that we first caught a glimpse of wild Kurdistan, for a view lay stretched out before us than which it would be difficult to imagine anything more beautiful. At our very feet sprang up a forest of oak-trees, here clinging to the rocky peaks and precipices that surrounded us, there, further below, rolling away in undulating curves along the lower hills that lay on each side of the river in the valley far beneath—and rocky peaks beyond. The sudden change from mountains on which but little grass existed to this rich forest-land was delightful. At our feet, far, far down below us, rolled the river Kalu, here wooded to its very banks, there turning and twisting in circuitous route amidst fields of young grain. Almost from the river-banks rose the foothills, partly swathed in forest, partly vivid green with crops or grass, but

everywhere beautiful; and these foothills in turn gave place to densely wooded mountains, rising high into the clear blue sky, and ending in peaks of jagged rock and glistening snow. But it was not only the *tout ensemble* of this twenty miles or more of valley that lay before us that attracted all one's attention, for around us, peeping from the shade of the trees, were glades and flowers and flowering shrubs, pink and white and yellow with blossom. Tangled masses of roses and wild vines hung in festoons from the branches of the oaks, or trailed in jungle-like confusion along the ground. Here and there wide grassy glades opened out, sparsely wooded, and reminding one more of some grand English park than of any scenery it had ever been my lot to see. Through these woods our path led us, descending steeply the while. At one moment the view was hid by boulders of spire-like rocks or by the dense growth of trees and shrubs, the next it would open out again, and the whole expanse of forest and valley and river, with the snow-peaks beyond, burst upon one. Once or twice a small band of Kurds were passed, gorgeous in colored raiment, covered with arms, and singing the while, wishing a hearty welcome to the first European they had ever seen, as they were constantly assuring me that I was—for we had not chosen the more regular route from Sujbulak to Serdasht, but had, under the guidance of our cheerful Haji, come straight across the mountain tops, and struck the valley of the Kalu some twenty miles above the spot where the caravan-route crosses that river.

Half-way down the steep mountain-side we reached the deserted village of Parast, a large enough place, but with gaping doors and windows, inhabited now by only a few stray jackals. Under a grove of trees on the right of the road lies the graveyard, with its curiously carved headstones bearing strange pictures and devices—daggers and triangles and combinations of circles; a few white flags on long poles waved above some more recent graves. But in spite of the fact that Parast was

abandoned, and its inhabitants had sought their summer quarters, a considerable quantity of the surrounding soil was under cultivation; and a mile or two farther on we passed a picturesque little village, with a stream tumbling through its midst, and turning many a water-wheel where these cultivators of the soil resided. It is no difficult matter to distinguish at a glance amongst the Kurds who are the cultivators and who the shepherds, for the latter are the original tribesmen, bearing themselves like the robbers and warriors they are, while a sedentary life seems to have coarsened the features of the cultivator, and his activity and spirit are lost.

At the large village of Mamazina we stopped, at the invitation of the local sheikh—Maruf Aghá—and in the wide verandah of his house drank tea, while quite a little crowd collected without to see the strange sight of a European. Of the fifteen or twenty men who rose as I entered, in the polite Kurdish fashion, and who bade me welcome, there was not one who had seen a European before.

The house of Maruf Aghá being a typical residence of this part of Kurdistan, a few words of description may not be out of place. The material used in construction was, near the ground, stone loosely cemented by clay, while above large sun-dried mud bricks, coated without with clay, formed the walls. An excellent surface is obtained by the skilful laying on of this outer lining of much-puddled clay, and in places, such as round the windows, and in the many niches which take the place of cupboards in the rooms within, it bears a polished smooth appearance. The house was square and of one story in height, though being built upon the slope of the hill, and the floor laid level with the highest portion of the ground, steps were necessary to reach the rooms from without at the front. The centre of this side of the house consisted of a deep verandah, with rooms at either end; a small stairway, some three or four feet in height, gave access to this

verandah, which in turn opened into the rooms at either end and behind. All these rooms apparently possessed windows, though but little light was admitted, as the window-frames were carefully pasted over with paper, the substitute for glass, so necessary in the intense cold of winter. In summer the verandah, open in front to the air, seems to be the sole part of the house in use, with the exception of a kitchen, and a room or two where the women attend to their household duties. The floor of the verandah was of puddled clay, hard and clean, and generally strewn with matting and rugs of thick felt. In the centre is the recess in which the fire is lit, a few embers generally being kept red-hot for the brewing of tea in the *samovars* and the lighting of pipes. Usually, only the residence of the head-man of the village possesses a verandah of such extent as that we found in the house of Maruf Aghá, which must have measured some forty feet in length by fifteen in breadth. The traveller could find no more welcome shelter anywhere than in the shade of these enclosed balconies, for the hot sun never penetrates within, the roof projecting several feet above the stout wooden poles that support it, and all through the writer's travels in Kurdistan hospitality and rest were never refused by the owners of these better-class residences. The remainder of the houses of the village seldom boast such luxuries as are enumerated above, though many are of considerable size. Adjoining each is an enclosure of wattle, the fence being often eight or ten feet in height, into which the flocks and herds are driven of a night as protection against the wolves which abound throughout these mountain districts.

An hour or two's rest with Maruf Aghá, and we descended once again by the steep path to the valley of the Kalu below us. The snows of the mountains were fast melting at the approach of summer, and we found the wide river rushing past in a manner by no means reassuring; but quite a number of Kurds had been sent down by their

chief to help us across. These, stripped naked, seized our horses by the bridles, dragging them over to a stony island in the centre of the stream. Then began the difficult work, and one and all undressed, despatching our clothing and scanty baggage across first in charge of the vigorous mountaineers, who, by crossing three at a time, and steadying one another, were able to breast the current. Our saddles were then taken over in the same manner; and lastly, mounting our bare-backed horses, we dashed into the stream, to reach, after many a struggle and many a stumble, the other bank in safety. Mohammed, my Arab, like myself, enjoyed the sport, as the naked Kurds with shouts and blows drove our horses before them laughing and yelling the while; but Yusef, my Tabriz Turki, clung to the mane of his steed, mumbling his prayers and white with fear, as abject a picture of terror as ever I saw, and a mark for ribald sarcasm on the part of our hardy mountaineer guides. Arrived on the further shore, we were not long in saddling our horses and dressing ourselves, and, bidding farewell to Maruf Aghá's men, we proceeded on our way.

No words of mine can describe the beauty of that afternoon's ride along the bank of the Kalu River. The wide valley lay before us, its lower slopes here green with rising grain, here clustered with groves of trees. One minute we were proceeding through open fields, amongst hedges of roses, the next under the deep shade of forest trees, whose branches, interwoven over our heads, allowed only fitful rays of sunlight to reach the soil below. Everywhere clusters of creepers, roses, and wild-vines hung from the trunks and branches above, or trailed along the ground in dense undergrowth. Here and there the whole hillside was yellow with lemon-colored dog-roses, or pink and white with the same sweet flowers, while every glade, every bank, was gay with a thousand blossoms. To our left, slightly below us, the river flowed, its wide open channel turning and twisting amongst green fields and



groves of trees. As a background to this sylvan scene rose the mountains of dense forest, towering far into the afternoon sky, to end here in peaks of jagged precipices and rocks, there in wooded domes, and beyond in the unmelted snows of the past winter. Nor was life wanting to add a charm to the already perfect scene—for cattle lowed as they grazed on the hillsides and the bleating of herds and flocks, and the soft pipes of the shepherd boy, broke upon the air. Here and there a peasant was ploughing, goading on his oxen with deep cries, which distance rendered soft and low. Birds sang everywhere, and great butterflies passed idly to and fro upon the wing—less gorgeous perhaps than the bodies of horsemen who passed us now and again, decked out in colored silks, and their horses in tassels and cords of brilliant wools. A cheery welcome one and all had for us as they cantered past, their many belts of cartridges and the barrels of their rifles flashing in the sunlight.

Toward sunset, under the direction of the Haji from Sujbulak, we turned aside up one of the many wooded gorges that opened into the main valley, and half an hour later were seated in the wide verandah of the mosque of Benavila, with a stream of crystal-clear water tumbling at our feet, and a view of forest and valley and mountain that it would be difficult to surpass. But what was perhaps the most enjoyable of all was the hearty reception that met us. No shyness, no holding back; a dozen men to undo our saddle-bags, a dozen more bringing fresh green grass for our horses. Trays of food and bowls of milk from this house, a big platter of bread and butter from that, and a welcome from every one—all gaiety and laughter and pleasure; for the Kurd is the happiest and most contented creature in the world, in these high mountains of Persian Kurdistan, where the shah's rule is purely nominal, and the old tribal system exists to-day as it did amongst the same people who held these mountains when Babylon was built. No European had ever been seen here

before, though some of the villagers had seen a traveller or two at Serdasht, the little town we were on our way to visit; yet there was no curiosity, no wearying questions, though all the village, male and female, collected to look, standing open-eyed outside the rail of the balcony of the mosque while we sat chatting within to the head-men of the village. Good, cheery, handsome fellows they were, ready to answer all my questions as to their country, their ways and customs—hiding nothing, proud of their freedom, despising the Persian rule, good Moslems, but free from all fanaticism, and merry withal. When I think of the long, dreary evenings I have spent after hard days of travel in other lands, I look back with unmingled pleasure and regret to those moonlit nights which I passed in the least accessible portion of Persian Kurdistan, in country that the Persian authorities had refused me permission to visit on account of its dangers!

As we were supping, the shrill sound of wooden pipes was heard, and my hosts told me that I was to witness the native dancing, a little festival having been arranged in my honor. So with a lantern we wandered to the centre of the village, where the voices and laughter of the young men and girls told us the dance was to take place.

The performers had already drawn themselves up in line when I arrived, and a minute later the shrill notes of the pipe gave the signal for the dancing to commence. Some score of young men and women stood shoulder to shoulder, clasping hands, the line forming a crescent. At the given signal, the clapping of his hands by a youth who stood in front of the semicircle of performers, the dance commenced, the entire line of men and women stepping slowly forward and then back again, each pace being taken a little to the right, so that a rotating movement was given to the string of dancers. As the music quickened so did the pace, and at each step the body from the waist upwards was bent forward and drawn back. Nor were the steps themselves the same, for the youth who gave the



time ran up and down the line clapping his hands and singing and shouting out directions and changes. The principal feature of the dance seemed to be the bringing down of the right foot smartly upon the ground at intervals, when hand in hand the whole company remained with their bodies bent for a second or two, to spring into position again at a fresh blow of the pipes. Meanwhile, the slow rotating movement was maintained, so that the entire body were circling round the musicians. What laughter and fun there was! Men and girls giving themselves up to the enjoyment of their national dance, which, graceful and exhilarating, bore no trace of the sensual movements which usually mark the art of dancing in the East. One cannot speak too highly of the freedom allowed to the women of Kurdistan—a freedom that seems seldom if ever to be abused, for amongst these wild mountain people the moral standard is very high; only in the towns do they seem to have sunk to the level of the Persian and the Turk. Here in these far-removed districts the old severe penalties have not disappeared, and adultery is still to-day punished by death.

The plateau of Serdasht was reached in the course of next day, at an elevation of over forty-seven hundred feet above the sea-level, near the summit of the mountains that form the western side of the Kalu valley.

At first there is nothing to be seen of the little town, the plateau being apparently devoid of any houses, though the number of people moving to and fro spoke of the proximity of human habitations. It is not in fact until one has approached closely that one can distinguish the place, for so low are the houses, and to such an extent are the mud roofs grown over with grass, that Serdasht, at two hundred yards' distance, resembles merely a succession of green mounds. But when one has entered its few poor streets, one finds that, small as it is, the place seems a tolerably flourishing little township, with its two squares of shops, and its Government House, with

its guard of soldiers. As in all the other parts of outlying Kurdistan, the officials are Kurds, for the shah knows well enough that any attempt to force a Persian governor upon these wild hillmen would end unsatisfactorily for himself, and still more for the governor in question, whose life would not be worth an hour or two's purchase. But the mountaineers are willing enough to be placed under the governorship of one of their hereditary Aghás—who in turn owns allegiance and pays a small sum in lieu of taxes to the imperial coffers at Teheran. No doubt the great hatred existing between the Kurds on one part and the Persians and Turks of Persia is a religious one, for the simple Sunni creed of the former is antagonistic on every point to the Sheiya belief of the latter—and in this the Kurd is infinitely to be preferred; for while the fanatical and despicable Persian or Turki refuses even a drink of water to a European, the Kurd receives him as a fellow-man, entertains him, takes him into his house, and even puts him up in his mosques.

There is but little to see in Serdasht beyond the picturesque figures in its streets, for here the Kurd is found at his best; handsome in feature and dress, armed to the teeth with rifle, pistol, and dagger, encircled with three and sometimes four, belts of rifle-cartridges, and gay in colored silks. Lazy, good-natured fellows these clansmen seem to be, sauntering to and fro, laughing and chatting with every one, amused at little, and happy and contented at their lot in the high mountains and forests of Kurdistan; believing that there is no country like their own, and no people like themselves, seldom, if ever, travelling, suspicious of wandering even a score of miles from their villages, and homesick even then; thinking every man their enemy out of Kurdistan, and receiving every man as a friend within its boundaries; hospitable to the few Europeans they ever see, but strong in the belief that they would be murdered if they ever went to Europe. Half villains, half

children, confiding and simple in their manners and conversation, brave and vindictive in their warfare,—a race of men who, since the days when Herodotus wrote of them, have changed in nothing but their religion; and cheery, delightful fellows withal, making night merry with their songs and laughter, and passing the day in idleness or sport. Such are the Kurds of Persian Kurdistan.

I was fortunate enough to be at Serdasht while the wedding-feast of one of the governor's lieutenants was taking place and all the shops were closed and the people a-merry-making, music and dancing being the order of the day. The festivities took place upon a green glade only a minute or two's walk from the entrance of the little town; and a gorgeous throng of people it was that I found collected there in the afternoon, for men and women were in holiday attire, rich in silks and brocades. The girls in their long gowns of gold-threaded silk, with bright handkerchiefs on their heads, the long plaits of black hair falling over their shoulders and down their backs, their necks and foreheads hung with coins and ornaments, were scarcely more brilliant than the men, who, with loose, baggy white trousers and coats of brilliantly striped silks, with their jackets of white felt and gorgeous silk turbans and peaked caps, their skilfully wound sashes of many colors, and their embroidered shoes, were pictures of Oriental dandyism. How they all laughed and shouted as they danced to the music of the pipes and drums in the bright afternoon sunlight!

With regard to the feast that was taking place, one amusing incident was brought to my notice. One of my horses had lost a shoe, and I sent Yusef to find the smith. He returned shortly to state that the only shoemaker in the place was in prison, because he had forbidden his wife to go and dance with the rest of the merry-makers. On his release, a few hours later, he came to shoe the horse. He was an elderly, ill-visaged man, and his wife, I heard, young and beautiful; and so great was

his jealousy that he had forbidden her to join her fellow-townpeople in their innocent diversions. But the report had reached the governor's ears, and he soon turned the tables upon the ill-conditioned husband by securely putting him under lock and key in the town jail, while his wife danced to her heart's content upon the village green.

I had hoped from Serdasht to have been able to cross the Turkish frontier, which lies within a few miles of this spot, and obtain some insight into the manners and customs of the Kurds under Turkish jurisdiction; but so unpromising were the reports I obtained as to affairs in the strip of country that owns neither Persian nor Turkish influence that I was obliged to decide not to attempt it. With but purely nominal authority on either side of these frontier mountains, it is little to be wondered at that the tribes who inhabit the rocky ranges engage in every kind of pillage and tribal warfare, for should the Turks take it into their head to interfere, they have always Persian territory at hand to seek refuge in, and *vice versa*. Only a few days before a small caravan had been pillaged of all its merchandise, and the men stripped of even their scanty clothing, and now all Serdasht was preparing for a foray of revenge. Under these circumstances, it would have been madness to proceed; so after a day's rest in the pleasant little town, I turned my horses' heads away from the frontier, descending by a gorge even more lovely than that we had climbed up to Serdasht, and a few hours later reached the Kalu River, some twenty miles below where we had forded it a few days previously. Here our difficulties began, for the river is larger and swifter here than where we had forded it; and although a small raft, supported on inflated skins, is there to carry one and one's baggage over the rapids, it is by no means a safe or a sure method of making the passage, nor, on account of its frail construction, can one's horses be tied to it to swim the stream. Unsaddling in mid-stream on a stony

island to which we had been able with some difficulty to ford, we drove the three horses into the water, while we packed ourselves and our belongings on to the tiny raft, which made its first journey in safety, landing Mohammed and Yusef and some of our scanty baggage on the farther side, and then returned for me and the saddles. Meanwhile the horses, delighted with their baths, took to fighting, and, instead of swimming across to the further bank, recrossed the portion of the river we had already manoeuvred, and quietly took to grazing on the bank. This exasperating situation was eventually, however, bettered by our good Hajl of Sujbulak, who, although he had been so long absent upon his pilgrimage, had so far refused to leave us. Owing to his exertions the three steeds were eventually driven across, and after a couple of hours' delay caught and saddled on the further bank.

A butterfly youth in a pink silk coat and gorgeous turban, with about half a hundredweight of cartridges about his person, had been sent by the governor of Serdasht to show us the way, and strode on with light and airy step before our little cavalcade. Poor Yusef, my Tabriz Turki servant, who had entered Kurdistan in fear and trembling, had by this period become a sort of jelly with terror; for a more cowardly set of people than the inhabitants of Tabriz it would be difficult to imagine. Every Kurd he imagined to be a robber, and every rifle was on the point of being aimed at him! Continually mumbling his prayers, he rode along gazing to right and left, and seeking a place of refuge behind Mohammed or myself at every imaginary danger. To the Persians and Turkis the Kurd is a sort of "bogey-man," used for frightening children and even grown-up people; but were the two former races to adopt a few of the traits of the latter a better state of things would exist, for in place of the immoral, cowardly, lying, and corrupt state in which Persians and Turkis exist to-day, a little truth-telling

and manliness, a little patriotism and morality, would appear, where not a grain of any is to be found to-day.

Early in the afternoon of next day a deep gorge had to be crossed, and at this spot we encountered the most difficult and fatiguing piece of road we had as yet come across. Riding was out of the question, and we dismounted to lead our horses down the zigzag track that takes one to the bottom of the ravine. The descent was of some thirteen hundred feet, for the most part over slippery soil of loose shales, which gave under the horses' feet. Often we had to hurry our steeds across long slides of this soft material, which seemed to have slipped from high up on the mountain-side. But in spite of the fact that great care was necessitated in successfully accomplishing the descent, one had ample opportunity to admire the grandeur of the scenery. Except where the shale-falls were heaviest, the whole sides of the ravine were thickly overgrown with forest, principally oak-trees, and their stout trunks and grasping roots gave us far more secure foothold than we should otherwise have found. It was wonderful to see our guide, born and bred upon such roads as these, as he skipped from boulder to boulder, singing the while and twisting his rifle above his head, or throwing it into the air to catch it again as it fell. Arrived at the bottom, we refreshed our dry throats at the stream that poured down between the almost perpendicular walls of forest and rock, and rested for a while in the shade of the luxuriant vegetation that lined the little river's banks. In many places creepers, roses, and vines stretched from tree to tree over the clear pools and tiny rapids of the rivulet.

Then the ascent; as steep as where we had descended, a climb of a couple of hours through forest and over rocks and shale,—tiring and hot, it is true, but repaying in every step all the fatigue we suffered, for every moment between the trees there opened up some new and lovely prospect of the gorge

and the great rock and snow peaks beyond, where it joined the valley of the Kalu.

An hour further on we reached the large village of Siama, lying in the centre of a large declivity in the hills which was probably once a lake. Two large mounds in the vicinity mark, so the natives say, the site of two old cities; and there seems to be some truth in what they state, for I was able to purchase a small number of coins and engraved stones and seals in the village. The people set no value at all upon antiquities, and protracted travel in these mountain districts of Kurdistan would, I feel sure, well repay the antiquarian.

The day of leaving Siama we reached Bana, a picturesque little town nestling at the foot of high mountains in a circular valley. Here the same hospitality as I have recorded elsewhere was shown me, and under the guidance of the governor, a pleasant young Kurd, some sports were got up for my amusement, and the afternoon was given up to dancing, partridge-fighting, and shooting at targets, at the latter of which the natives are most proficient. But what to me was the most curious of all the sights of Bana were the gunsmiths, who from raw iron imported from Russia, and without any machinery, can turn out by hand really excellent Martini rifles, firing regulation ammunition; and these they can sell at from £2 10s. to £4 sterling! I sat for a long time watching these men at work, and one could not help admiring their dexterity and the skill with which they manufactured and fitted all the parts of the rifle, which when completed bore not only every resemblance to the real article, but even the stamps of the Prussian and Turkish firms that manufacture them. This art is entirely self-taught, and originated absolutely from copying the genuine article. That the rifled barrels are capable of good direction I can answer myself, as I was witness to some really excellent shooting at two hundred to four hundred yards with these same hand-made weapons.

Here, again, at Bana all idea of pushing into Turkish Kurdistan was quickly at an end, for at the time of my stay in the little town a large body of influential Kurds were there from over the frontier to try to arrange a settlement of the interminable feuds that existed amongst the tribes, and they pointed out to me once for all how dangerous any attempt to push through during the absence of the chief men would be. There remained only to once more abandon my idea, and proceed on my travels further into Persian territory.

But soon after leaving Bana I found that the true Kurd was being left behind, and that as I proceeded east toward law-abiding Persian territory the people presented few of the many attractions of their wilder kinsmen in the mountains. It is true hospitality was often offered me, but money as often demanded in return,—a thing unknown amongst the true hillmen, whom one can only repay by small presents of knives or silk handkerchiefs or suchlike; and many signs of corrupt Persian rule were apparent on every side. Poverty and squalor became daily more common, and the peasant, Kurd though he was, became almost identical with the spirit-crushed Turki of the shores of Lake Urumiyah.

Two days after leaving Bana I reached Sakiz, on the highroad from Sujbulak to Sinna—the capital of Persian Kurdistan—and three days thence of travel over bare elevated plateaux brought me to that charming city, than which in all my travels, I think I can say, I have seen few I liked better.

It is not only that Sinna enjoys a delicious and healthy climate and an exquisite situation, but there is something also about the bright little city, with its handsome bazaars and its surroundings of gardens, that is extraordinarily attractive. I quickly found lodgings, after my arrival, in the house of a certain Roman Catholic Nestorian, or Chaldaean as he would be properly called, who soon arranged a most comfortable, even luxurious, apartment for myself, and stabling

for my three horses. A good fellow he was, too, in his way, a fanatical Christian, making the sign of the cross at all moments, muttering his prayers at all hours, and living, as it did not take one long to discover, in absolute disreputable immorality. In this, however, he was typical of the greater part of his co-religionists in Persia, who seem to have adopted all the vices of the Persian, to which they add not a few of their own. In fact the Oriental Christian is a strange creature, a hot-bed of immorality and deceit, with a deep-rooted fanaticism and hatred of all other creeds. My friend at Sinna told me with up-lifted eyes that he had never missed a Sunday or a Saint's-day from church for fourteen years—and yet!—but enough.

But if the town of Sinna proves attractive to the traveller, how much more so do the environs, for on almost every side lie groves of trees and great orchards, amongst which one can wander at will. It is from these gardens that the best view of the town is to be obtained. Crossing a ravine in which one of the streams that bring water to the town runs, one climbs by a steep path on the opposite bank, past some brick-kilns, to the woods beyond. Here, under the shade of great walnut-trees, the pleasure-loving townsmen have built a small café, a mere hut of mud bricks, with a levelled terrace in front of it, bright with flowers in pots, and cooled by a tiny fountain that splashes in its basin. Here we used to sit and drink the sweet Persian tea, looking at the view before us. And what a view it was up that wooded ravine, with the gardens on the left and the town rising tier above tier on the right, until the whole was crowned by the handsome palace of the governor,—a very Acropolis in its situation.

Sinna, like all Persian towns, is built of mud and brick; but somehow the same ruin that one sees elsewhere is not noticeable here. It may be that the material used in the construction of the houses is better; but I put it down rather to the spirit of the people, for the Kurd is twenty times as energetic

as the Persian or the Turki. One never tired of that little garden amongst the tall trees, with its panorama of town and woods and ravine before one, with its hedges of brilliant yellow roses and its trellises of shady vine. Nor was the view all that was to be seen here, for ever and anon passed by troops of mounted Kurds, gorgeous in colored silks, riding handsome little horses with brilliant trappings; and the café, too, was ever a haunt of the dandies of the place, whose clean white clothes and silk coats, whose curly, well-brushed hair and waxed moustaches, whose many turbans of dark silks, added a truly Oriental touch to the scene. Nor were the bazaars less interesting, with their long arcades of domes and arches, and their shops full of all the merchandise of East and West; for Sinna is a thoroughly commercial place, and perhaps, for its size and population, one of the most flourishing towns in Persia. Leading off from the bazaars are large caravanserais, great open courts surrounded by highly decorated buildings, often of great size and no mean architecture—every court, too, with its tank of running water in the centre.

High up the hill behind the governor's palace stands the old mosque of the town, with a façade of tiling to which I saw none to compare in my travels in Persia. The exquisite blending of color, the long interwoven Arabic inscriptions, the little panels of Persian roses, the dark flowing designs on white backgrounds, formed altogether a piece of decorative work that it would be difficult to surpass. Within the mosque there is but little to see. This one great archway, with its shady recesses and the two blue minarets, present all that there is of great beauty.

From Sinna I struck south to Kermanshahan, and except that the first night we lost our way and were obliged to sleep in the open, after passing over a most dangerous piece of road in pitch darkness, there is but little to narrate of the journey. On the third morning we reached the town, celebrated almost more from the fact that near it are some of the finest rock-



sculptures in Persia than for any attractions or importance of its own. A rest of a few days, and then the weary ride of over two hundred miles to Baghdad,—no light labor in the middle of June, when the heat on the plains is intense. But seven days—or rather seven nights—of travel brought us to our destination, tired, it is true, but none the worse; and here for the first time since leaving Tabriz early in May I found myself once more in touch with Europe and amongst Europeans in the city of the caliphs.

WALTER B. HARRIS.

From the Fortnightly Review.  
A ROMAN REVERIE.

Lost in a labyrinth of leafage, on the topmost tier of the Flavian Amphitheatre, harboring no dread lest some Lectius should come and tell me to quit a position in excess of my rank,<sup>1</sup> I am, as far as I can perceive, the only occupant, this Lenten afternoon, of seats that once accommodated eighty-seven thousand spectators, and could still surely leave at their ease one-half that number. *Sedere primo solitus in gradu semper*, which, with permission of the Roman epigrammatist, we will modestly translate—"Accustomed as I am to sit down in whatever row of ruin takes my fancy"—I have to-day selected my seat well up among the plebeians. Indeed, is not this where the *pullati*, or common folk with dirty togas, used to huddle together? though, be it added, whatever Englishmen take or forget to take to Italy, they at least wear a transalpine decency of garb. Yet it is but a surmise, after all, that I am the only lingerer in this vast and universal theatre, wherein the performance has for centuries been over. No one can perceive me; of that I feel quite sure. I am hidden by

Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower  
grown  
Matted and massed together.

<sup>1</sup> "Lectius ecce venit, sta, fuge, curre, late!"—*Martial*.

Nay, even denser covering than that, the undisturbed growth of years, conceals me from observation, and I need no Tyrrhenian sailor from Antium to come and pull the *velarium* over my head against the glow of the Roman sun. But if I am as lost to observation as an owl in an ivy-bush, how can one know but that other eremitically-minded pilgrims have not likewise drawn the cowl of the Coliseum over their heads, and are not meditating somewhere in this vast soaring circle of tangled brushwood? Six acres of ruin are a large allowance for one person; and what does it matter, so long as my brother recluses, if such there be, are equally invisible, and maintain a quiet demeanor in this silent and stupendous solitude? Much about the same time that Vespasian laid the foundations of his gladiatorial arena, he projected an equally imposing edifice as a Temple of Peace. It soon disappeared under the waves of a warlike time. But, for all that human combats have long subsided, and the Flavian Amphitheatre itself is now the real *Templum Pacis*.

I fear I have been imitating Vespasian in a small way; for was he not transferred from Rome to the East by Nero, for having fallen asleep during the reading of one of the poems of that sensitive author? and I must own to having had a siesta in the afternoon sunshine-shadow of my comfortable seclusion, though Dante's page lies open before me. I had read five cantos of the "Purgatorio" before the exposition of sleep came over me, and I nodded at the lines:—

O frate mio, ciascuna è cittadina  
D'una vera città; ma tu vuoi dire  
Che vivesse in Italia peregrina.

When one has reached Rome, one feels like a pilgrim who has got to the end of his journey, and is in no hurry to take the backward road. More than ever, when the Forty Days of Lent have come, does one recognize the special fitness of the Eternal City as a penitential abode. Even cardinals have had ashes laid upon their foreheads, and been reminded that they too



are but dust. *Memento, homo, quia pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteris.* Who is likely to forget that—in Rome? The Apollo, the Argentina, the Valle, and even the Capranica with its Marionetti, are closed. There are placards at the street corners, bearing the signature of the cardinal-vicar, forbidding *ristoratori* to serve their customers with flesh-meat on abstinence days, unless they do so in private apartments; that all the world may see Rome is the capital of the Christian World. If they transgress, sharp penalty awaits them. Prayers and church ceremonies are more frequent than ever; but the organ everywhere is silent. No native Romans entertain during Lent, and only the more irreverent strangers. The bulk of these last departed as soon as the final Carnival *confetti* were thrown, and the last *moccolo* extinguished, for Naples, for Sicily, for Florence, and will not be back before Holy Week, or perhaps not till the Church fills the air with jubilant music, chants Alleluias, and exclaims, *Resurrexit sicut dixit.* Meanwhile, the few who have remained have the walls of Honorius or the knoll of Antemne wholly to themselves. When the beautiful but sometimes depressing desolation of the city itself waxes too heavy to bear, why not resort to the saddle, and try to out-gallop the untiring stride of the Claudian Aqueduct? The untilled ground has broken into spontaneous flowers. You canter on violets, anemones, and asphodels. Clouds are there none, but the Alban hills make their own soft shadows. To the tinkle of sheep-bells and the melodious eddies of mounting skylarks, you ride towards, but seem to get no nearer to, Tivoli, snugly nestled in a dimple of the Sabine Mountains. How far one has to go, to get beyond the blight of sadness radiated by Rome across the Campagna! The fig-tree flourishes in the soil where Frascati preserves the traditions of philosophic Tusculum. What woods are more umbrageous than those of Laticcia, what vineyards better tilled than those of Monte Giove, what olives strike

deeper into the rich brown clods than those that slope down towards Porto d'Anzio? It would be right pleasant to make for these, but if you are to be back in Rome by nightfall you must turn your horse's head and ride straight for the arches of the Acqua Felice. What a sundown! What a twilight! Is that verily a city, or only a mirage of the imagination? The bells of Ave Maria testify to reality. Shoals of young priests are hurrying homeward. Rome is older by one day more.

This afternoon, however, I am too lazy to quit my curving arbor, in which botanists tell me upward of four hundred different plants find ample foothold. It must be these that make the air smell so sweet; here where, in the days of Domitian, fountains used to fling scented sprays of extract of saffron and crimson wine. What a barbarous refinement! A worthy accompaniment, truly, to the slaughter, at one sitting, of nine thousand beasts. What would Cicero have said to such a sacrifice, he who several years previously, and before the Flavian Amphitheatre had yet risen from the ground, asked indignantly, "Quæ potest homini esse polito delectatio, quum aut homo imbecillis a violentissima bestia laniatur, aut præclara bestia venabulo transverberatur?"

Are the eighty-seven thousand spectators hurrying to that spectacle once more? I hear the sound of human voices swelling hitherward; and, as I peep through the leafy loopholes of my ruinous retreat, I descry a long procession of human figures slowly and sinuously pouring into the arena. But it is headed neither by Flamen nor Lictor; and where the fasces and the eagle would once have towered, I discern a more humble and more sacred emblem. The pace of the procession is slow and solemn, not impulsive nor triumphant, as it defiles from underneath the arches where the imperial athlete once was hailed with servile acclamations. What are they chanting? No hymn of triumph surely. Rather may it be the lines of Luigi Biondi,

Santa religion! gli aspri costumi  
 Tu raddolcisti, e fai stille di pianto  
 Versar dove correan di sangue fiumi,

so appropriate to the scene and the hour. It seems strange that not till the middle of last century did it occur to any of the successors of Peter to rescue from the desecration of indifference a spot saturated, one may say without hyperbole, with the blood of the martyrs. Everybody knows that earthquake, fire, and inundation, competed with each other for its destruction. Guiscard's troopers stalled themselves there, and the Frangipani transformed it into a fortress. When less turbulent times supervened, it became by tacit consent the common quarry of the more powerful Roman houses. When for a time friendly enough with each other, they held tilt and tourney within it, and then Mystery-Plays restored for a time its theatrical character. Sixtus V. had a scheme for turning it into a woollen manufactory, and another Prince of Peace thought it would serve capitally as a powder magazine. Meanwhile it remained a convenient market-place for the sale of vegetables. But in 1750 an earnest Ligurian monk, Leonardo da Porto Maurizio, came to Rome, craved audience of Benedict XIV., and, obtaining papal sanction for the new form of devotion known as the Via Crucis, induced the sovereign pontiff to consecrate the Coliseum, to celebrate mass there, and to erect a large wooden cross in the very centre of the pagan arena. Ever since, the Stations of the Cross, commemorating the journey to Calvary, have encircled the vast ellipse, and the new-comers, whose rising voices disturbed my reverie, are wandering hither behind a tall, bare-footed, bare-headed Franciscan friar, to make the dolorous pilgrimage. All the fine ladies of Rome are there, and, heedless of delicate flounce and fur-below, they kneel on the unswept ground at every halt made by the rosary-girdled monk, and bow their heads in audible lamentation. Then, when the long, sad service is completed, he rebukes them for their transgressions,

and invites them to a holier life. That much I can make out from where I sit, in sympathetic contemplation of the scene, though no small part of his exhortation reaches me but in fitful vowel sounds, musical, but somewhat vague in meaning. Before they have come to a close, a blare of trumpets tells me that a body of French Zouaves are coming along the Via San Gregorio, between the Palatine and the Cælian Hills, on their way back to barracks from the exercising ground that lies beyond the tomb of Caius Cestus and Shelley's burial-place.

The insolence of alien drum,  
 Vexing the bright blue air,  
 To smite a people's anguish dumb,  
 Or speed a rash despair,  
 That once had wrung  
 That prophet tongue  
 To challenge force and cheer the slave,  
 Rolls unrebuked around his grave.

But what Rome is this? the reader of to-day will ask. It bears no resemblance to the swept and garnished seven-hilled city that he knows. In the Coliseum is now no Via Crucis, no Cross, indeed, of any kind. Flowers are there none on its huge bare masonry; and the bugles of no foreign power outrage the majestic capital of United Italy. The Rome thus recalled was Rome as I first knew it in the winter of 1862, when it was my good fortune to have for cicerone the most amiable, as well as the most erudite, of companions. The name of Felicia Hemans has still its modest place in English literature; and I hope English children still repeat, "The Stately Homes of England," and "I come, I come; ye have called me long," which were lisped by their predecessors in the nursery and the schoolroom half a century since. Her son, Charles James Hemans, inherited from his mother a love of letters and a gentle spirit, and with these he combined a certain semi-claustral sanctity, which, I fancy, was easy of cultivation in the Rome of that period. I do not remember how I first made his acquaintance. I had a couple of rooms in the Piazza di Spagna, next

door to the house where Keats lodged and died, and Charles Hemans was living, I know not exactly where, but with some religious confraternity or other. Looking back, I fear I was often very selfish, and claimed more of his time than I was fairly entitled to. Indeed, I was entitled to none of it. But there are some persons who cannot refuse you anything, even their precious companionship; and it was so delightful to leave guide-book and map at home, and have at one's side, whether one strolled about Rome, or roamed beyond it, a companion who could answer every question, could tell one the origin, the traditions, and the purpose, of every pagan temple and every Christian church, and told it in so quiet and dreamy a manner, that it almost seemed the ancient ruin or the mediæval shrine was talking to you, and telling its own story. I suppose it was some pleasure to him to satisfy my craving for information, and thus to diminish my ignorance, and that was how I got to know Rome and things Roman, in so far as I do know them. He was of the South by temperament and habit, as well as by adoption, and a meditative pedestrianism was exercise enough for him; and I could see he was a little perplexed to understand how one who took so kindly to ruins and to tales of virgins and confessors, could tear himself away from these to scamper over the Campagna on other legs than his own.

It was barely December when I first reached the Eternal City and it was well into May before I quitted it; and when, three years later, I passed an equally long winter and spring there, once again, though not so frequently, I had the same *duca e signore* for guide. He wrote and published several volumes on the pagan and Christian antiquities of Rome, and they are choke-full of all one wants to know. But they are written in a style begotten of close familiarity with the most crabbed German prose, and the sententious Latin of ecclesiastical annalists, and the words somehow never seem to be quite in the right place. To make

confusion worse confounded, though with the laudable desire of reducing the cost of works which he well knew would detract from, rather than add to, the contents of his scanty purse, he had them printed on the spot, and they abound in grotesque errata. None the less are they extremely valuable books of reference. I may write thus freely, for their kindly and accomplished author sleeps with the saints, who, indeed, are the only fitting company for him. One would have thought that so pious a being, and living in Rome of all places, would have troubled himself little about theological dogmas and differences. But, from his great erudition, he had acquired the historic conscience, and, when I first made his acquaintance, he had formally abjured what he deemed the errors of the Reformation and been admitted into the Papal Church. But, when Pius IX. summoned the Vatican Council and proclaimed Papal Infallibility, he once again had grave searchings of heart, recanted his recantation, as Lingard says of Cranmer, and asked to be re-admitted to the bosom of the Anglican Communion. Had he lived in less controversial days, he would have deciphered palimpsests or illuminated choir-books for the monastery of his choice, have told his beads, and contentedly accepted dogmas as he found them.

Thanks to such companionship, and perhaps in some degree to an inborn love of what has lasted a long time, whether in ruins, as in pagan Rome, or still in apparent vigor, as in the Rome of the pontiff-kings, one grew fanatically attached to the place, and the partiality of affection resented the suggestion that it could in any sense be changed for the better. Not only its desolation, but its very dirt and lack of decency, its Immondezzal no less than its prostrate columns, its monks, its beggars, its streets unilluminated or lit by one solitary swinging lantern, entered into one's general conception of the Sacred City. It was like no other place in the world, and it was worth all other places in the world

together. The buffaloes taking their midday siesta in the Forum in the sloping shafts of Sabine wine-carts harmonized so well with the Sisters of Charity, "meek, circumspect, and wan," with the shock-headed *pifferari*, with the splendor of the Church ceremonies and the squalor of their congregations, with the mournful *Tenebræ* of to-day and the triumphant silver trumpets of to-morrow. All the centuries seemed to have survived in Rome, and, though contemporaries, to be at peace. With the coming of the kalends of May one quitted it, but with the *animus revertendi*, and needing no draught from the Fontana di Trevi to bring one back. One felt that, when everything modern palled and everything civilized satiated, there was the City of the Soul still awaiting one on the Tiber.

Therefore, much as one might have disliked the temporal power of the papacy, and warmly as one may have sympathized with the war-cry of "Italy One and Free!" when Rome not only became the capital of a kingdom, but a modern city, one rebelled against the change, feeling as though something of one's very own, and something one prized most of all, had been violently taken away. One went and looked at a scraped and almost whitewashed Coliseum, at a trim Forum, at a laid-out and labelled Palatine, at streets after the Milanese or Turinese pattern driven through the *Vicus Sceleratus*, and when one found that bustling trams had taken the place of the slow, deliberate, stately cardinals' coaches, that Ave Maria bells had been silenced by shrill-lunged boys vociferating the publication of the *Giornali di sera*, that newspapers were to be found everywhere and peace nowhere, is it wonderful that one turned disconsolately away, and murmured in disenchanting mood, "*Roma non è più com' era prima.*" If one extended one's excursions, one discovered yet more distressing obliterations of the foot-prints of the past. Perhaps the two most impressive prospects in the Rome that have vanished were to be had from

the steps of the Lateran, and from the Porta Pia as one looked out from it towards Sant' Agnese fuori le mura, and along the Nomentan Way. Was it possible to see, without a pang, the view in each case curtailed and disfigured by rows of mean monotonous houses, from the windows of which insensible occupants hung out their linen to dry? Wending one's way towards the Baths of Caracalla, one was greeted by the same distressing spectacle, not even compensated by a bold Via Nazionale or an ambitious Corso Vittorio Emmanuele. The transformation shocked and saddened; and one vowed one would see Rome no more.

But that is a vow mortal hard to keep; and, as the years passed on, the majestic melancholy of Rome continued to haunt the memory, and with the mind's eye, from time to time, one saw it again, but always in the garb of desolate grandeur in which one had first beheld it. How banish the remembrance of one's richest and fondest experience? Why voluntarily exile oneself from what was once one's most cherished abode, and must forever remain for the imagination the headquarters of human history? Is not reconciliation possible between the past and the present? and who is he that dares say Rome must be made after his own affections, or forever remain as he first found it? To whom does Rome belong? To no one; to every one. Not to Leo XIII., nor yet to King Humbert, neither to Sacred College nor to Signor Crispi, neither to you nor to me, but to the unstable world, and to endless time.

These philosophical reflections notwithstanding, I confess I felt, if not a reluctance, a strong dread mixed with my longing, as though I were about to meet an old friend after a protracted misunderstanding, when in the spring of the present year I drew near and nearer towards Rome. In order to make the *redintegratio amoris* less embarrassing for myself, I had resolved not to sleep in Rome, but to gaze on it from afar, from the com-

manding slope of Frascati. The only railway station that admits one to Rome lies on its outskirts; and though I had two hours to spend before starting thence for Frascati, I was saved from the necessity of penetrating into the city, by a hospitable welcome that was awaiting me in a palace and garden in the same quarter, close to the Porta Pia, which every English visitor knows, at least by repute, and where, in old days, and with other diplomatic tenants, I had spent many happy hours. Half the garden I found had meanwhile been sacrificed to the parsimonious spirit of the British Treasury, but something of its ancient seclusion and tranquillity has survived, and roses still clamber to the topmost spires of the tallest cypresses. It is but a three-quarter-of-an-hour's run from Rome to Frascati; and for the better part of the way you travel in sight of the Claudian Aqueduct. But the Campagna was canopied by the low, lurid menace of an inevitable storm, and I looked in vain through the gathering darkness for Monte Cavo and Rocca di Papa. Suddenly there was a flash of lightning and a roll of thunder; and then, as if at the word of command, the rain-spears slanted and swept over the sterile expanse between the mountains and the sea. In the electric spasms of the storm I surmised rather than descried my bourne; and when we halted for a couple of minutes at the lonely station of Ciampino, I could hear the Ave Maria bells jangling through the thunder-peals, as if summoning the faithful to the prayer: "*A fulgore et tempestate libera nos, Domine!*"

That was the last experience of rain I had for the next month, and until I was again on the hither side of the Alps. When, on the following morning, I opened my bedroom window and flung back the *persiani*, Rome lay visibly before me, looking but some three miles away, in reality but ten—*vetturini* would tell you twelve—and the dome of Saint Peter's soared, as of old, in majestic primacy over the *campanili* and cupolas of the Sacred City. In the

intervening space, and, indeed, all around the Campagna, were those innumerable and indefinite iridescent tints which Claude Lorraine used to study day after day, and in vain labored to reproduce. Yes! there, familiar as of old, was Mondragone, there Monte Compatri, there Rocca Priora, there Marino, the site of Alba Longa, Hannibal's Camp, and, towering over all, Rocca di Papa, and no-longer-monastic Monte Cavo. For, if one window looked Romeward, another faced eastward and seaward; and what I could not thence command, I was soon surveying from more open vantage ground. When last I had found bed and board at Frascati, it was at the primitive Lione D'Oro in the town itself, within eyeshot of the Cathedral, and as a guest of gallant Papal Zouaves, who forgave my longings for Italian Unity, in consideration of many youthful tastes and sentiments we had in common; amongst these, a perfect toleration of *vile Sabinum*, hard mattresses, and indifferent fare. The lapse of three-and-thirty years has brought Frascati an admirably placed and most comfortable hotel, and a comely and commanding terrace, where ecclesiastical seminarists, picturesque nursemaids, and peasants waiting for an employer, do nothing in particular with perfect grace, and without any appearance of being bored. Nigh at hand are the umbrageous gardens of the Villa Aldobrandini, of the Grazioli, of the Lancelotti, all hospitably open to wandering feet, and where the irises seemed never to have gone out of flower, and the refreshing fountains of a surety had never ceased spouting and splashing since I had seen them last, when Pius the Ninth was king. To an Italian it must seem a reproach never to have had a pope in his family; and you will with difficulty find a villa of any pretensions, certainly none at Frascati, where memorial tassels and tiara carven in stone over porch and doorway do not attest pontifical kinship, at some time or another, with the owner. The very phrase "at some time or another,"



seems to be not only the fitting chronology, but, likewise, the appropriate chronicle, of Frascati, as of most other places thereabouts; little chapters and passages of history suddenly confronting you as you climb or loiter. How touching is that inscription in the Cathedral, in which his Eminence, Cardinal the Duke of York, records his intention and his hope, both frustrated, to erect a more splendid and more worthy monument to his ill-fated brother. We can all afford to think kindly of the Stuarts now, now that we no longer live in dread of their corrupt sceptre. Is it possible to think unkindly of anybody or anything, when you are surrounded by the silence of the past, which condones all that has ever happened? Here is a very dirty and precipitous street, but it tells you that it is Via Sepolchro di Lucullo, the street of the Tomb of Lucullus. Modern antiquaries will doubtless say there is no authority for the statement. What authority, save long tradition, is there for the most cherished of our beliefs? And I am well content to believe that the giver of good suppers was inurned hereabouts. He must have been buried somewhere; and why invent so purposeless a nomenclature, unless it recorded a fact handed down from father to son in days before erudition and criticism had come into being?

It is only in a mood of pious credulity that one can hope to taste the real savor of Rome, and of all, for leagues around, upon which Rome has set her seal; and, surrendering myself once more to the domination of the ghostly past, I began to feel anew the *veteris vestigia flamma*, the old feeling and unquestioning fondness for Rome. I remember some friends once asking me, in the days when one's enthusiasm for it was, I dare say, a little extravagant, if I had not caught Roman fever. I confessed that I had, a recurring ague if they liked, of which I hoped I should never be wholly rid. And here it was, coming back again. Two days later I was standing in the piazza of the Fontana di Trevi. It used to be a quiet spot enough; but now carriage after car-

riage rolled by, well-horsed and well-appointed. But if you will only turn back to these insignificant equipages, will listen to the plashing of the fountain instead of to the grinding wheels, will concentrate your gaze on the lovely virgin in stone who found the water for the thirsty Roman legions, instead of troubling yourself about any stray maidens in fashionable attire that may be passing, you will gradually find yourself reascending the centuries, and forgetting altogether the events and interests of to-day. A heavier tax, no doubt, is now laid on the imagination that would fain find Rome a refuge from the exactions and despotic uniformity of modern life. Rome is now the cleanest capital in Europe. It is well paved, well watered, well lighted, well drained, in every way well cared for. But, in or near the best-swept street, you suddenly come upon a crumbling arch, a broken marble column, an inscription, a memorial of some kind, that all the modern ædiles in the world cannot divest of its antiquity, and it all depends on yourself which of these exercises the greater hold on your attention, it or the adjoining shop-front, its silent eloquence, or the curve of the contiguous tramway.

You will fare similarly, according to your capacity for abstraction and detachment of mind, on descending from the Capitol—for it is thus you should approach it—into the Forum. The "nameless column with the buried base" has got a name, and its pedestal is open to the air. Indeed every scrap of excavated architecture, every shattered column, every bit of battered plinth and corroded entablature, has a name now, and it is all as spick-and-span as your own premises at home. At first you are aghast, and ask if it would not have been better, more reverential, more conformable both with art and archæology, to leave at least a few wrinkles on Rome's old and venerable face. Moreover, on recalling certain passages in the fourth canto of "Childe Harold," you find they have almost lost their significance, and you



have a fresh quarrel with the furbishing innovators who have taken half the meaning out of one of the noblest of poems. You mutter something about a fresh race of Goths who cannot even produce an Attila, and then you feel you are becoming unjust. What would you yourself have done had papal Rome been handed over to you, and you had been allowed the reordering of it? Should it still have been a Campo Vaccino—or worse? Would you have left it in possession of buffaloes and hay-wagons? Or would you have retained just a few of these, or admitted them there now and then, by way of picturesque ornament, and as a concession to the romantic spirit? Surely the insincerity of dilettantism is out of place where the air burns and breathes of Cicero. The air is there still; no one has obliterated Roman history, and the Forum, stripped of what the centuries had shot there, and reduced to a shattered and imperfect skeleton, is still a site suggestive enough for the reflections of the most poetical of pilgrims. Is the Via Sacra any less redolent of Horace because you know, or think you know, more accurately, which way it went? Have the Vestal Virgins lost their charm for you because it was here, not there, they kept alive the sacred fire? The general outlines of the spot, moreover, have not changed. The Capitol does not move, the Palatine does not shift, and the distant framework of the Sabine and Alban Mountains has suffered no modification from man or time. Of course you must select your hour for visiting the places that perplexed and fascinated you of old, must go early, or must go late, in order that your meditations may not be too heavily weighted with the presence of crowds that remind you of the words of Horace,

Britannus ut descenderet  
Sacra catenatus via;

for the bulk of the Britons who now descend the Sacred Way still move in chains, the chain of their personal conductor and their many companions.

Selecting early forenoon or the hour before sundown, you will probably not be interrupted in your renewed contemplation of that truly triumphant procession on the right-hand pier under the Arch of Titus, where the spoils of the Temple of Jerusalem, the seven-branched candlestick and the golden table, are being borne along by monumental figures wearing the very freshness of their conception. Had one lived a hundred years earlier, and when no doubt the Forum was yet more "picturesque" than any of us alive can remember it, one would not have seen that joyous group, for the last remnants of the fortress of the Frangipani that once enclosed and concealed it had not yet been removed. It is idle to quarrel with the vicissitudes of Rome. It is enough that Rome has survived them all. The commonplace and presumptuous labels that once disfigured the Palatine—"The House of Cicero," "The House of Seneca," etc.—have happily disappeared, and one is left in peace to be one's own archaeologist, to determine the site of the Cave of Cacus, of the *humilis tectus* underneath which Evander entertained Æneas, or where the she-wolf of Mars licked and fondled her human cubs. No amount of digging, scraping, or speculating, can expel from their cradle or their tomb, or eradicate from the faith of our imagination, the personages to whom Virgil has given a local habitation and a name.

Fecerat et viridi foetam Mavortis in antro  
Procubuisse lupam; geminos huic ubera  
circum

Ludere pendentes pueros, et lambere  
matrem

Impavidos: illam tereti cervice reflexam,  
Mulcere alternos et corpora fingere lingua.

There is no explaining away, no possibility of forgetting, no way of making unreal or even merely fabulous the twins immortalized in such a picture as that, and when sceptical erudition has said its last word, Romulus and Remus will remain enduring tenants of the Palatine. They have outlived the Golden House of Nero, and survived the investigations of Niebuhr. I have

nowish to decry the costly labor and the patient investigation that have robbed one, on the south-western side of the Palatine, of the finest mass of vegetation-mantled ruin Rome once contained, nor am I competent to question the dogmatic learning that, having cleansed it, has parcelled it out with hard-and-fast exactitude, into the Palace of Augustus, the Temple of Apollo, and the Stadium Palatinum. But I am more grateful, I confess, to the considerate hands that have planted shrubs and laid out flower-walks where drunken emperors once hiccupped over a degraded world, and that have brought Madonna lilies to bloom over the levelled alcoves of Venus Meretrix.

I did not enter the Coliseum, I looked at it and passed, with a certain Dantesque nervousness.

The garland forest, which the grey walls wear,

Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head,  
(Childe Harold, Canto iv., s. 194.)

has utterly disappeared, and the Coliseum, I am told, now requires the aid of lime-light to produce the illusion of imposing antiquity. Nor, though I sate long on the steps of the Lateran, could I reconcile myself to the brown, bare exercising ground in front of me, where the broad expanse of green turf used to lead slowly down to Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, nor yet to the characterless, unnecessary blocks of building which have superseded the jungle of bamboos that used to grow hard by the Latin Gate, and which mar the prospect towards the Campagna and the hills. I had an excellent opportunity, however, of renewing my acquaintance with these last; for, musing overmuch on a desecrated past had made me forget the present hour, and grow oblivious of the fact that I was dwelling at Frascati, not in Rome, and that the last train thither starts at twenty minutes to six. When I awoke to a sense of my forgetfulness, I had no quarrel with the mishap—fancy vexing oneself in Rome about anything!—but asked a handsome

fellow, with a light carriage and a likely-looking animal, what he would drive me to Frascati for. "For fifteen lire," he said. I offered him twelve, more from habit than any meaner motive, for in Italy haggling is part of the day's diversion for the native inhabitant, and he closed, without demur, with my offer. A pair of heels is pleasanter in front of one than a locomotive, any day, and at any hour; but, with that perverse pondering on the past I could not chase, I for a time contrasted my being thus submissively conveyed along the Latin Way with my recollection of the more independent and self-assisting saddle-seat of former times. But we trotted along so merrily, and the bits of ruin, here happily left to Nature and to Time, which I recognized and remembered, were so many, the mountain pictures in the stone framework of aqueduct arches were so frequent, that regretting anything, or wishing anything back again, seemed rank ingratitude. Indeed, the prayer of Evander,—

O mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos,  
seemed to have been granted, and old Rome, by some spell of its own, to have made one young again. An Italian of the lower orders—if I may be allowed that epithet in these supersensitive days—will never remain silent so long as you will converse with him, and when your capacity or inclination for talk is exhausted, he will sing, whistle, crack his whip, then exhort or objugate his horse. At the same time, he is quick to observe your mood; and my handsome young driver doubtless noted at length that I was looking at the Campagna rather than listening to his prattle. Perhaps he thought a draught of wine would make me talkative anew; so, turning round, he asked if he might stop at the half-way house and have a *mezza-fiaschetta* of white wine, noted for its excellence. The tumbler offered us to drink out of contained what some previous traveller had left; and had I not been present, the old and the new wine would have assuredly been quaffed together. But,

as my companion wished to "stand treat," and I had to drink first, he sent for a clean glass with an air of admirably assumed fastidiousness. I thought the opportunity a good one for trying to borrow a rug of some sort, horse-cloth or mule-cloth, it mattered not which, for the cold of twilight on the Campagna was beginning to penetrate. But this only led to his producing his own sheepskin-lined overcoat, and his insisting on my encasing myself in it; and as I saw that, if I persisted on his wearing it himself, he would suspect I regarded it as—well, wanting in cleanliness, which assuredly was not the case, I had to submit; and he assured me that the wine had made him warmer than twenty overcoats could ever do. On starting he had boasted we should be at Frascati in an hour and a half, "*circa*." Most things in Italy are *circa* or *quasi*, or, as we should say, there or thereabouts. I had made up my mind to a couple of hours, and to the last hour of it being passed more or less in the dark. But, as we got nearer to our goal, the roads waxed so bad that black night shortly folded us about; and then the spirits of my vivacious guide sank to zero. Like too many of his countrymen he was paralyzed rather than braced by difficulty, and his little horse was of the same short-lived mettle. Had I likewise desponded, I almost think we might have spent the night *sub Jove*. But, after all, it was not my horse nor my carriage, and I knew that bright lights and a comfortable meal awaited me at the end of the journey. So he at length caught fresh cheerfulness from mine, and, with that readiness to follow anybody distinctive of his race, asked if I could not take him with me to England out of his *miseria*. For the strange part of it is, that these people who sing or joke or gibe from morning to night, will tell you, if you give them the chance, that they are poor, overworked, underpaid, underfed wretches. His case, he said, was a peculiarly hard one, for he was *molto istruito*—Anglicè, highly educated, and came of well-to-do, indeed, of opulent people.

At this point we had got to the top of the slope on which Frascati stands, and his hat blew off in the rising night wind, and diverted his interest into another channel. When we at length ground the gravel of the Albergo di Frascati, I did not hold him to his bargain; and, though I could not gratify his ambition to live in our chilly climate, I gave him back his coat and we parted excellent friends. Italy is the land of haphazard, and I did not regret the overlooked time-table and the belated drive.

With Frascati for headquarters, you can be in Rome by seven o'clock in the morning, or, if that be too early an hour for lie-a-bed northern habits, then by ten; and in either case you can have a long day among the Seven Hills. The train travels leisurely across the Campagna, but who could ever tire of that lovely journey? Indeed it grew more and more beautiful with each fresh experience, for as spring advances then Nature says, "Ruins or no ruins, I will again be young," and every crumbling bit of wall breaks into verdure, and every gaping sepulchre smiles with flowers. One did not make the journey every day. But, after long absence, there are certain shrines, certain ruins, certain works of art, are there not, to which one feels one must pay one's homage afresh, and a new pilgrimage to which will help to keep alive one's sense of beauty. An art critic, or an art student, needs to spend many weeks, some would say many months, in the Vatican. But, for the irresponsible searcher after the beautiful in art or nature, one morning passed in the Stanze of Raphael, or in the Museo Pio Clementino, is enough till the next occasion arises. Of course I am assuming that one is already tolerably familiar with them. In the same way, who could be near to St. Peter's and not enter it?—though the penalty I had to pay for doing so was to see an English pilgrim strutting about it in knickerbockers and shooting-stockings! Sant' Onofrio, San Pietro In Montorio, Santa Maria del Popolo, the Pantheon,

are yet more delightful to visit when one has no longer to ask anything about them, and one can surrender oneself without qualification to the influence of the place, the hour, and accidental mood.

After such an experience, it is an agreeable contrast to find oneself, a few hours later, riding on a donkey up to the ruins of Tusculum, through chestnut woods blue with scillas, or planning an expedition for the morrow to Albano, Castel Gandolfo, and the Lake of Nemi. But it was my purpose to go further afield, and to visit once again Tivoli, Subiaco, and Palestrina, the remembrance of which seemed to belong to a former stage of existence. Concerning these, however, I must be silent here, for they scarcely fall within even the somewhat vague delimitation of a Roman reverie. Is it not enough to be able to say to those, and there must be many, who have gone through the same experience as myself, who loved the old Rome, and have turned in disillusion away from the new Rome, "Go and heal your feud with Time and the inevitable, and be at peace with your oldest and most cherished memories"? After all, what right have we to dictate what the Italians shall do with Italy, or the Romans with Rome? I confess that when I hear people from Droitwich or Chicago, nay, from Oxford or New England, criticising things Italian, I cannot help feeling they would do better to cultivate a little humility, and a little thankfulness. One is not disposed to underrate what has been done for mankind by one's own race, whether on this side of the Atlantic or on the other. But only a fanatically partial patriotism would deny to Italy the proud privilege of having most enriched the world with what the world values most. Neither Spain, nor France, nor Germany, nor even England, can boast to have grafted civilization on conquest so successfully and so widely as Rome. Religion, science, art, literature, law, all have to trace their fertilizing streams back to Italy; and nothing is more astonishing

than the persistent vitality of Italian civilization. Italians have had their periods of despondency, and even of degradation—what nation has not? But for nigh on three thousand years Italy has had its architects, its sculptors, its soldiers, its lawgivers, its poets, its navigators, its searchers of the stars, its rulers of men. When one goes to Italy, one should go, not to censure, but to adore, to learn, not to criticise nor to carp. To every educated person Italy is "the old country;" to every filial mind Rome is the *alma genetrix*. Only in Rome can we trace the majestic pageant of the centuries, following each other, now with elate, now with faltering footstep, but always contributing something to the onward, if at times devious, march of man. Anon we find Rome sitting in the far-stretching shadow of its imperial or papal past, out of the glare and tumult of contemporaneous life. Then, all of a sudden, it stretches its mighty limbs, awakes from its disdainful lethargy, confronts the present with questioning eyes, and weaves for itself fresh raiment even out of its sepulchral ceremonies. Hence, while modes of civilization elsewhere come and pass, Rome remains; and, when some other conception of society shall have created other Londons and another Paris, Rome will still be the foster-nurse of the poet, the home of the archæologist, the goal of the artist, the bourne of the pilgrim, and the sanctuary of the saint. You may read on many a fountain in and near Rome some such inscription as "*Hanc aquam vitio ac vetustate corruptam restituit, Pontifex Maximus,*" etc. Restoration has never ceased in Rome, and oftentimes when you approach an ancient tomb you find it has been transformed by pontifical or private piety into a well of sparkling water. Oftener in Rome perhaps than anywhere one is disposed to exclaim, in the melancholy language of Lucretius, "*Eadem sunt omnia semper.*" All things forever remain the same. But even in Rome that is not true, nor was it ever so; or things remain the same, with a difference. As you turn

to cross the bridge of Sant' Angelo, you may read on the pedestal of the first statue to the right, these words, "Hinc superbis retributio; Hinc humilibus venia." Punishment to the proud; pardon to the humble. What is this but an unconscious repetition of the well-known line:—

*Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.*

The approach to St. Peter's thus bears the same admonishing motto that Virgil conceived for the Roman Empire. Nor is the later boast an empty one, for of the two mightiest sceptres of to-day, that of the Vatican and that of the British Empire, which is the wider and which is the more likely to survive the other? If the papacy were not, like Rome itself, so deeply rooted in the past, there would be something fatuous in its attitude towards the kingdom in whose very capital it too maintains its centre. But Italy without Rome would be a headless trunk, and the past has decided that the papacy shall abide in Rome. Over the main doorway of the Quirinal Palace there stands untouched, and indeed reverently cared for, the sculptured Virgin and Child that were naturally placed there when the successors of Peter passed in and out. It takes two to make a quarrel; and the Quirinal has no quarrel with the Vatican. Time, which has for centuries worked so slowly and continuously in Rome, will end by reconciling the papacy with Italy.

Thus one comes back ever to that consoling word, reconciliation. There are only two ways of being wise, only two of being happy. One is, by bringing the conditions that surround one into harmony with oneself; the other is by bringing oneself into harmony with surrounding conditions. Who is there presumptuous enough to think that he can fashion Rome after his own image and likeness? Rome is the fullest and most visible embodiment of the past one knows; and the past is fate. I missed many things in Rome, missed and regretted them, but ended by being

thankful for the Rome that survives. Wandering where once stood the long, sombre avenues of the Ludovisi Gardens, one murmured:—

*Pinea silva mihi multos dilecta per annos.*

And then the very beauty of the line brought balm with it and a submissive mood. A City of the Soul is a delightful thing to play the monk, the philosopher, or the dilettante in. But what if this agreeable reserve can be maintained in "ruinous perfection," only by the maintenance at one and the same time of sacerdotal despotism, material stagnation, and artistic trifling? No nation can be sacrificed to the æsthetic sensibilities of collectors and connoisseurs. Surely it is enough that Italy should have had to exclaim, in the ignominious words of the imperial buffoon, "Qualis artifex pereo." That was the end of her first Renaissance, the culmination of a race of copyists, sonneteers, and ballet-dancers. The second *Risorgimento* of Italy may be less beautiful, less attractive to the traveller, less gratifying to the artistic voluptuary, but at least it is more manly. Modern Italy has been reproached with Megalomania, or an excessive passion for greatness. Englishmen, at least, will pardon that last infirmity of noble nations.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

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SOME THOUGHTS ON SAINT BRUNO.

The names of the founders of the great monastic orders, Benedict, Francis, and Dominic, are not often in our day on the lips of men, even in countries nominally Catholic. It is therefore not singular that the name of Bruno should seldom be heard, for he had none of the qualities of the popular idol; the legend of this saint, though helped in later times by Le Sueur's series of pictures, has never appealed to the imagination of the multitude. The average man is no doubt a hero-worshipper after his own manner, but in his heroes he likes



more warmth and color, more glow of passion and a keener sense of brotherhood, than Bruno at first sight appears to have. Yet he too, the stern, silent man, who lived in the wilds of Chartreuse, and began there without foreseeing it the noble Order of the Carthusians, was a seeker after the divine. And since the goal of the spirit is not in time or place, what matters it where such a life is spent, whether in the desert or in the crowded city?

The lives of saints of the Roman Church should not, we think, be written by members of that Church; writers trained in the Roman tradition are apt to give us touching homilies rather than vivid portraits. In the work of the hagiologist the impartial reader is made to feel that the saint had too much sweetness in him, and too little strength. Sometimes one is tempted to ask whether the whole race of saints were not unwholesome; their biographers make them pose so much, and picture them in an enchanted isle at a distance from human life. To live in such an atmosphere is not invigorating, though one were forty times a saint. We will keep away from it, and put Bruno upon the solid earth; after all reality is more interesting than any realm of fancy.

No part of the life of Bruno was spent in the glare of day, and the materials for a full biography are not by any means available; even the traditions of his order have been guarded with a fine and lofty reserve, such as is not always shown by religious bodies. This has certainly not been from any desire to hide an unworthy past, for the order has an unsullied record. The Carthusians have been in existence for about eight hundred years; they have never sought to be great as preachers or teachers, nor have they coveted power or wealth. In thinking over their history, we ask ourselves if ever another religious body has carried, from century to century, its practices and traditions with so undeviating a faithfulness, with so much modesty

and simplicity, and with so much freedom from human frailty. It was no cloistered recluse, but the great opponent of monachism, Voltaire, who declared that the Carthusian Order was the only one that had never needed reforming. It is a thing worth noting that in a world where there is so much change, this order should for eight centuries have kept closely in touch with its founder.

We will give a bare outline of Bruno's life, without stating our reason for accepting one date rather than another. There are points in his life that are open to controversy, as the man with a fixed theory discovered some centuries ago; in discussing such things there is no profit, and it is well to pass them over lightly. Bruno d' Hartenfaust was of noble lineage, and was born at Cologne about the year 1035. He began his education in that city at the school belonging to the church of St. Cunibert; and afterwards he studied at Rheims, which at that time was famous for its teachers. He was austere in morals from his boyhood, and was a hard student too, for he mastered the best knowledge of his age, especially in philosophy and theology. When Bruno was still a young man, Hermian, canon of Rheims and superintendent of advanced studies in the great schools of the diocese, retired to the cloister, and Bruno was appointed to succeed him. Among the students destined to distinction who in this way came under his influence was Otho, made pope in 1088 and known as Urban the Second. It was from Gervais, Archbishop of Rheims, that Bruno received the appointment. Gervais died in 1067, and was succeeded by Manasses, who by simoniacal methods obtained the archbishopric. Manasses was a tyrannical prelate, and a man of loose life, who greatly scandalized Bruno and his brother canons. It is possible that the quarrels and disorder caused by Manasses had something to do with Bruno's final determination to retire from the world, but this is not in the



least certain; he was a born solitary, and the real constraining influence was from within.

Bruno did not hesitate to condemn the evil life of Manasses, and at a council held at Autun in 1077, he and two other canons openly accused the archbishop, who had been summoned to appear there before the papal legate. Manasses kept away from the council, and was suspended by the legate; but with his wonted effrontery he defied the rulers of the Church, and for a time continued in his office. The legate, it is said, was quick to do justice to the lofty character and great abilities of Bruno, whom he recommended warmly to the pope. But in the mean time Bruno and the other canons who had accused Manasses were driven from their homes by the minions of the archbishop; their possessions were seized by the despotic prelate and their prebends were sold. The hunted canons took refuge in the castle of the Count de Ronci, where they remained until the following year. And now at length the indignation of the populace did what the rulers of the Church could not do, for in 1079 the people of Rheims drove the unworthy archbishop out of their city; he retired to the court of the king of Germany, and died there outside the pale of the Church. The vacant see might probably have been secured by Bruno, if he had wished for it; but he desired nothing but to seek perfection in the contemplative life.

It is according to the Carthusian tradition that Bruno, shortly after these events, was the witness of a miracle; this was nothing less than the resurrection of Raymond, a learned doctor of Paris, over whose body the funeral service was being read in the church of Notre Dame. In the middle of the service, says the legend, Raymond rose upon the bier and called out in terrifying tones, "I am justly accused," again, "I am judged," and again, "I am condemned." The tradition continues that Bruno was so profoundly impressed by this occurrence, that he determined to spend the

rest of his life in solitude, that he might by prayer and penance bring peace to his soul. It was at one period widely believed, for it found a place in the Roman breviary, but it has not even that substratum of fact which the severest critic can discover in some alleged miracles of the Middle Ages; for a long time indeed the best ecclesiastical writers have rejected it, and Urban the Eighth wisely expunged it from the breviary. In a letter of which the text has been preserved, Bruno himself, writing to his friend Ralph le Vert, at that time church-provost and subsequently Archbishop of Rheims, suggests a far simpler explanation of the whole matter; his own heart's longings were more powerful than the doctor and the miracle. In his solitude he recalls conversations in the old days with his friend, and he goes on: "Do you remember that day when the three of us, you and I with Fulcius le Borgne, walked in a garden near the house where I lived? After discoursing of the transitoriness of earthly pleasures and possessions compared with the duration of celestial joys, we were so overcome with fervor that we pledged ourselves to the Holy Spirit to leave these perishable things, and to take the monastic habit, the better to merit those things which are eternal. Nor should we have delayed to execute our plan but for the voyage which Fulcius made just then to Rome."

It was in 1084 that Bruno at last carried out the dream of his life. After living for a time in retreat at Saisse-Fontaine, he with six companions, all filled with the desire for the eremetical life, went for counsel and direction to Robert, Abbot of Molesme, who fourteen years later founded the Order of Cistercians. In accordance with the abbot's advice, they sought Hugh, Bishop of Grenoble, whom they prayed to bestow upon them some secluded spot within his diocese, where they might live undisturbed and apart from the world. The bishop, a noble prelate and a saintly man, accompanied them to the wilds of Chartreuse,

and gave them that spot of ground which became the site of the first religious house of the Carthusians. Here they built an oratory, with a separate cell for each monk, like the old *lauras* of Egypt in the first fervor of Christian monasticism. They took the three usual vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and added four others of still greater severity, borrowed, as their prior said, "like a purifying elixir from the life of the ancients;" to wear the hair shirt and to live in silence, to have their dwelling in solitude, and to abstain from the flesh of animals. They cultivated the soil and occupied themselves in other ways, desiring above all things to copy manuscripts and to illuminate the sacred writings with loving care. The life of the early Carthusians is depicted by two contemporaries, first by Peter the Venerable, that delightful man and good friend to Abelard; and by Guibert, Abbot of Nogent, a learned and elegant Latin writer of those days. Neither of them could have known the founder of the Carthusians, but both must have been acquainted with monks of this order who were novices in the lifetime of Bruno. The description of Peter the Venerable is well known; he says the clothing of the monks was coarse and scanty; far from regretting their poverty, they found it good, and had marked around their oratory an enclosure beyond which they would not accept a foot of earth, whatever might be offered to them. Lest they should be compelled to enlarge their oratory, they fixed the number of their monks at thirteen, including the prior; there were also a certain number of lay-brothers, and a few menial servants. Their flocks were composed of sheep and oxen, goats and asses. They never ate flesh, not relaxing this rule even in case of illness; on Tuesdays and Saturdays they ate nothing but vegetables, while on Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays they ate only brown bread and drank water. They took food but once a day, except on Sundays, solemn festivals, and during the octaves of Easter, Christmas, and Whitsuntide;

and they said mass only on Sundays and feast-days. The first six companions of Bruno were Landwin, who succeeded him in the priorship of the Grande Chartreuse; Stephen du Bourg and Stephen de Die, both canons of St. Rufus; Hugh, who acted as chaplain; and two laymen named Andrew and Guérin.

The description of Guibert is not so widely known, and we shall do well to follow that writer more closely. "Their church," he says, "is built near the summit of the mountain. They have a fairly large cloister, but they do not live together as other monks do. Round this cloister each of the monks has his own cell, where he works, sleeps, and takes his meals. On Sunday they receive from the steward vegetables and bread for the week; they are not allowed to cook any food except vegetables. Water for drinking and other purposes is conveyed into each cell from a spring by means of pipes. On Sundays and solemn festivals they eat cheese and fish, when these are given to them by the benevolent; but they do not buy them. Offerings of gold and silver and ornaments for their church they alike refuse to accept; their only piece of plate is a chalice. They do not at the usual hours assemble together in the church; unless I am mistaken it is on Sundays and feast-days that they hear mass. Little talk is heard among them, for when one monk wishes to say something to another, he does it by signs. When they drink wine it is so diluted that it is almost tasteless, and is little better than water. As for their costume, they wear a hair-shirt next the skin, and the rest of their clothing is scanty enough . . . Yet, poor as they are, they have a fine library."

There is in Rome a statue which has helped to fix the image of Bruno in many a mind; modesty and reserve speak in the whole figure, but especially in the face, so calm, yet with a rapture of contemplation; it is a soul imprisoned in flesh, but the flesh at length has yielded obedience to the spiritual law. You hardly notice that

he has the tonsure and that his features are singularly delicate and refined, for you are conscious only of the soul's triumph in that impressive and touching figure. Such we may believe was Bruno to the outward eye; does it not also tell us the story of his inner life? This eremite among the wastes of Chartreuse was no madman or visionary, but a man of fine intellect, gentle and gracious, who in the way that seemed best and with a consuming ardor sought the goal of the spirit. Such imperial natures do not seek in vain. Nor need we trouble ourselves greatly over the asceticism of the picture; the hair-shirt and the fasting, the silence and gloomy solitude. Man in his struggles towards the mountain-heights has employed strange machinery, and he still does so, though we who live among it perhaps fail to see its oddity. If he reach the heights, what matter the accidents of the journey? We do not indeed forget that millions of well-disposed but weak-minded pilgrims, such for instance as the Flagellants, have spent their lives in trifling by the way, and have never come into the bracing air at all. But we shall not occupy ourselves with that aspect of asceticism, for Bruno was not of these. He is a type, the best known to us, of the recluse who finds in the life of contemplation mental calm and spiritual joy. Never did hermit seek perfection with a loftier zeal or with a purer heart.

Bruno would no doubt have preferred to end his days at Chartreuse, but this was not to be. In 1089, or the following year, he went to Rome, at the request of Pope Urban, taking his monks with him. It was a time of sore trial for Urban, and it was natural that he should seek help from the director of his youth. The monks were not long in returning to Chartreuse, and by desire of Bruno they chose Landwin for their second prior. Bruno remained in Rome, yet in spite of the favor of the pope, he found no satisfaction in the life he had to lead there. He was solicited by the people of Calabria to consent to his election

as Archbishop of Reggio, and Urban pressed him to accede, but without success; here was the spectacle of an ecclesiastic who in very truth did not wish to be a bishop. He besought the pope with tears to be allowed to depart to his solitude; and though Urban could not bring himself to allow Bruno to leave Italy, he permitted him after a while to retire into the wastes of Calabria. Here, in the diocese of Squillace, he erected an oratory in 1090, and through the liberality of Roger, Prince of Sicily and Count of Calabria, was soon enabled to found the monastery of La Torre, where he lived for the rest of his days. His death took place on the 6th of October, 1101, at which time he was probably something more than sixty-five years of age.

He was not canonized until 1623, more than five hundred years after his death, by which time the Carthusians had become a powerful body, though they have never been one of the largest. But for this rather late growth of his order, it is not likely that Bruno would have figured in the calendar at all. The year 1623 is not invariably accepted; half the notices of Bruno, in English and foreign works of reference, stating that he was canonized in 1514. This discrepancy is explained by the fact that in 1514 Leo the Tenth gave the Carthusians his sanction to make use of a special office in honor of their founder; this was regarded as equivalent to the act of beatification, but he was not actually canonized until 1623, during the pontificate of Gregory the Fifteenth. The delay is somewhat singular, especially when we remember that two at least of Bruno's friends, both of whom we have had occasion to name, were canonized long before him; Hugh, Bishop of Grenoble, as early as 1134, two years after his death, and Robert, Abbot of Molesme, in 1243. To what must this delay be attributed? Bruno was not a typical son of the Middle Ages, like Becket or Thomas Aquinas, for he shared neither the popular love of miracles, nor the passion for subtle disquisition which was peculiar to the men trained

in the atmosphere of scholasticism. The schoolman in his interpretations of Scripture forestalled the modern German critic of the Shakespearean drama, for he felt its poetry all too little, and saw many things in it which were not there. Bruno in spirit was nearer to his great contemporary Anselm; both were free from pseudo-subtlety and had great practical sense, though on the one hand Anselm is not a type of the contemplative mind, nor on the other hand does it appear that Bruno had the intellectual equipment of Anselm. It is singular to recall in this place that according to at least one of his biographers, Bruno studied at the Abbey of Bec in Normandy, made famous by Lanfranc and Anselm. It is a pretty story which one may hope to be true, but it is not authenticated. Some of Bruno's writings have come down to us, though they have not, like Anselm's, helped to make history. These consist of commentaries on the Psalms, the Epistle to the Romans, and other portions of Scripture, and are written in choicer Latin than was usual with the ecclesiastical authors of that century.

The way in which the disciples of Bruno came by their name, is one of the things everybody is supposed to know, though the university examiner tells a different story. Carthusian, says Littré, is from *Caturisani Montes*, the Latin name of the mountains where Bruno and his first followers erected their oratory; or from *Caturissium*, the Latin name for the neighboring village of Chatrousse, within the diocese of Grenoble in Dauphiné. It was in 1137 that the first monastery was built at Chartreuse, at some distance from the humble oratory erected by Bruno in 1084. This monastery, as well as those built to replace it in later times (several of which have been destroyed by fire), has been known as La Grande Chartreuse, and has always been recognized by Carthusians as the mother-house of their order. Here Guigo, the fifth prior, about thirty years after the death of Bruno, wrote out the ordinances of the Grande

Chartreuse, which he communicated to other religious houses of the order; for Bruno and his companions, and their immediate successors, had been without a written rule. The work of Guigo was done in the spirit of the founder, and would no doubt have been acceptable to him. The Carthusian of to-day lives under a different rule, for a monastic order that lives at all cannot be forever proof against change; it is pleasant to know that in the matter of food and dress he fares better than the first disciples of Bruno. Yet the modern Carthusian, as he meditates upon the life of his founder, need not feel that he is in any way false to the genius of Bruno's teaching; and he may well feel a generous pride as he remembers that his order has never stood in need of reform.

For those whose education has not put them in touch with Catholic tradition it is almost impossible to realize such a story as Bruno's, or to feel at all the attraction of the monastic life. Lord Brougham had perhaps an honest desire to help us, but his remark that the monastic life of the Middle Ages was like modern club-life, does not carry us far; he might as well have said that Hebrew and trigonometry have a great deal in common. In making this inapt comparison he could not have been thinking of the Carthusians, who are eremites; he had surely in mind those monks who are cœnobites, and live in community. The motives which constrain men to enter upon the monastic career no doubt vary greatly, but the essence of monasticism is the essence of Christianity, and that is purity.

"Nature cares nothing for chastity," says Renan; how can Nature, who cares for nothing, care for a moral idea? If indeed what the man of science calls Nature could be accepted as the whole sum of things, there would be no basis for morality at all. This we remember was not Matthew Arnold's view, for in reply to Renan he said that unchastity is against Nature, which we may place beside the following, from a distinguished

living writer: "Bad morality is necessarily bad art, for art is human, but immorality inhuman." This is the acme of false reasoning. Virtue is human, vice and bad art are human, though the latter are things to be avoided. But why are they to be avoided? Can any of the moralists who exclude deity give a satisfying reason why we should love virtue and hate its opposite? Not one of them all, from the first of the Asiatic to the last of the European, has been able to show that the voluptuary has not as good a case as the saint. How then does the accurate thinker meet the case? He tells us that man needs a theological idea to complete the circle of his thought; and in view of this it is not singular that the theologian comes to speak of sanctity as an idea in the supernatural order. Of such a life as Bruno's we may say that it is spent in quest of this supernatural idea.

There is a different view of the question, and we will briefly state it. Writers of the school of Gibbon say that the morbid longing for an existence in the heavenly Jerusalem is at the bottom of the whole matter; that the saint makes a fine art of selfishness, and neglects social duties in order that he may admire the texture of his own mind, and dream of an enervated life beyond the grave. Now such is the constitution of the human mind that the hermit cannot, without drifting into lunacy, spend his days in dreaming of the New Jerusalem; a future life may be part of his scheme of things, but not in the way Gibbon would put it. The truth is that all the writers of that school, who for nearly two centuries have poured scorn upon the saints and martyrs of the Christian Church, have a common family likeness; the best of them are men of great distinction and intelligence, but of shallow nature. If you wish to see the truth about Bruno, you must in the first place accept him on his own terms and see with his own eyes, after which you will be free to form a judgment; but is it conceivable that any one who approached Bruno in this way would end his summing up

of such a character with the note of condemnation?

But there is a still greater difficulty in the way of an Englishman who wishes to understand such a character as Bruno. For nearly four centuries England and Rome have spent much time in abusing one another, and the Englishman has still the fear that the pope secretly desires to spirit him away to a prison of the Inquisition. This feeling runs through that portion of our literature which is most distinctively English, from the writers of the sixteenth century to Macaulay and Froude. They nearly all appear to share the opinion of Mark Pattison, that Calvin saved Europe from moral ruin, and in their manner of expressing it they seldom avoid extravagance. Calvin did well if he did so, yet it is a pity he should have added a new gloom to man's life. We can sympathize with the poet who gives all the wealth of his praise to Saint Bruno or Saint Charles Borromeo; but the poet who could bring sweet sounds from his lyre in praise of Calvin, would be an anomaly. We love the saints who bring us into an atmosphere where dogma loses its hardness, where the scaffoldings of religion seem to fall away because the spiritual temple is complete. Why need we ask whether such men hail from Rome or elsewhere?

If in our day a student of science were to withdraw for a quarter of a century from the throng of men, that he might attempt to wrest from Nature another of her mighty secrets, should we not all admire such devotion, especially if he succeeded in his quest? Whether or not we might still justly admire the deed, and admit that science as well as religion requires of her votaries infinite toil, patience, and self-denial. Why withhold from the religious solitary the admiration we should willingly give to the man of science? Was the inward perfection for which Bruno struggled not as real as the law of gravitation? It was far more real than any natural law, since what



we call so to-day will by and by be superseded. Such sanctity as Bruno's on the other hand is not affected by the progressive thought of humanity, but may be said to stand for the absolute.

Approaching Bruno then with that reasonable sympathy which we owe to all men, what do we see? A man of ripe experience of the world, fifty years old or thereabouts, well-born, who has had the best education his century could give him; of refined tastes and austere morals, with a strong will and a vigorous mind, holding already an enviable position in the Church, and to whom some of its greatest prizes are open if he will but put forth his hand; this man yet finds in the life of the world no satisfying peace, for he is one of those rare souls who are born to a great perfection. An inward voice is ever calling him to this along a road of self-denial and travail of spirit, with few resting places for the weary feet; and at the end of it the contemplative mind, the pure heart and soul. Does the prize seem small after such a journey? Perhaps so, to him who has never travelled the road. How many a prudent friend must have counselled him to choose an easier path, to remain in the world, and in a career of honorable ambition to deaden this longing for an impossible perfection. But such counsels did not weigh with him, and he went to the desert in order that the law of the spirit might prevail.

He was tormented with none of our intellectual hesitations, our paralyzing doubts. The Bible was for him the living Word of God, and in it, with some necessary help from the Church and tradition, was unfolded the whole mystery of man's nature. Many of his interpretations were doubtless far-fetched, as we can see by what has come down to us; but such was the tendency of the age. He is interesting, however, not as a professor of exegesis, but as a great character. And what an advantage it is to a man of noble character to be born in such an atmosphere, and to be kept from the blight of doubt. He had never seen cause to

change a religious opinion, and thus was secured to him that singleness of vision which, as the Master said, maketh "the whole body full of light." He did not indeed seek in the Bible for a set of universal truths which might serve as a complete philosophy for mankind; he sought there the food his temperament required, and his temperament was that of the religious solitary.

We have mentioned more than one modern objection to such a life as Bruno's; but a really characteristic criticism of our age we have not noticed. The man of science has said that such a life is contrary to nature; the literary man and the artist have told us that Bruno and his compeers took a narrow and unwise view of life, fatal to the love of beauty and to freedom of thought; while a subtle Italian reformer has said that the preachers of resignation are mostly responsible for the slowness of the world's progress, since they have made submission a virtue, where resistance might have gained freedom. There are other objections, but we will stop here. Now first as to the man of science; such a life as Bruno's, he says, is contrary to nature; well, all science, civilization, art, literature, whatever is done by man as thinker, artist, apostle of order, is contrary to nature. Is not this one of the phrases that help to hide vacancy of thought? With regard to the objection of the artist and the literary man, it really means that men have often the limitations which might be expected from their calling; but in the case of Bruno it is not in any large sense applicable. The founder of the Carthusians had a passion for humane letters and a keen sense of the beautiful in nature; and only those who do not know his life will say that he unworthily stifled any such liberalizing instincts. And as to the charge of the Italian reformer, it is true that the saints have not shown a genius for conspiracy, but they are not therefore responsible for the tyranny of rulers. A sufficient answer is to be found in the fact that the noblest revolution



recorded in history was the work of men like Bruno, filled through and through with the longing for an inward perfection.

But all this has the ring of controversy, and not in such a spirit could we becomingly take leave of Bruno. To do justice to such a character, we must fix our minds upon the root-idea of his system, and this we have seen is purity. As Bruno conceived it, purity is an idea in the supernatural order. He may have spurned the body overmuch; but great things are costly, and for such a result the price was not too heavy. Ascetical practices, monastic orders, and the rest,—these are so much scaffolding; it is the idea alone which is eternal. And by virtue of this idea never again, unless wisdom and nobleness disappear from the earth, will men openly return to the worship of heathen gods. Nor need we fear that it is opposed to liberal thinking and to a wide outlook upon life; it is the man with a small number of thoughts working in a restricted area, who tells us this idea is fatal to science, art, or literature, or to a generous activity in any worldly calling. In the world of mind a true idea is fatal to nothing, except to false ideas.

We have already quoted from a letter of Bruno's to Ralph le Vert,—a delightful letter, affectionate, graceful, winning; and we will give another passage from it, which will show a side of Bruno's nature of which we have perhaps said too little. He is writing from his new retreat at La Torre, and he says to his friend: "I live in a wild spot on the borders of Calabria, at some distance from the dwellings of men. How shall I tell you of the beauty of the place, and of the freshness of the air which we breathe here? Imagine a large and pleasant plain, stretching out between mountains into the distance, with meadows ever-green and pasture-lands always blowing. . . . The eye may wander over charming gardens, with trees of every kind, laden with the most tempting fruits. But why do I speak

so much of these pleasures of our solitude? The wise man should find here other pleasures, sweeter and higher, because they are divine. Yet one's spirit, worn out by meditation and constant discipline, may well find an innocent recreation in the prospect of this lovely country; for a bow that is always bent loses its strength."

This fine passage surely shows that Bruno had genuine poetical feeling. But upon this we will not dwell, for it is as the type of the religious solitary that we have pictured him. That indeed is his true distinction, and we do not wish to confuse such an impression. As we think of him, there come to the lips words which might serve as the epitaph of this beautiful spirit, oft-quoted words of Augustine's which to Bruno must have been familiar: "Thou hast made us for thyself, oh Lord, and our heart is restless till it finds rest in thee."

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From Temple Bar.

#### CAUGHT NAPPING.

"I wish," said Edw'n Landseer as he stood before Frith's portrait of Dickens, "he looked less eager and busy, and not so much out of himself, or beyond himself. I should like to catch him asleep, and quiet now and then." So too, no doubt, would those who lived with him. For though, as Forster remarked, there seemed to be no rest needed for that wonderful vitality, there must have been times when the perpetual flow of it proved too stimulating for those around him. It would seem, indeed, almost as unlikely to catch Dickens asleep as the proverbial weasel. But a charming description of the creator of the immortal sleepy fat boy, subdued himself in slumber, is given us by Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke. Having owned to being a "little tired" after his tremendous exertions with his travelling dramatic company, he was prevailed upon to lie down.

"In that small inn-room" (by Loch

Lomond, the rest of his party having gone out exploring), "there was of course," relates the genial chronicler, "no sofa; so we put together four or five chairs, on which he stretched himself at full length, resting his head on his wife's knee as a pillow, and was soon in quiet sleep, Mrs. Dickens and I keeping on our talk in a low tone, that served rather to lull, than to disturb him. That modest inn-room among the Scottish mountains, the casement blurred by recent rains, the grand landscape beyond shrouded in mist, the soft breathing of the sleeper, the glorious eyes closed, the active spirit in perfect repose, the murmured voices of the two watching women—often rise with strangely present effect upon my musing memory."

A more lovable picture of one of the most lovable beings that ever dwelt on earth surely does not exist than that in which De Quincey portrays the slumbers of Charles Lamb. No exquisite was the gentle essayist in many of his ways, "no Quaker," as he himself expressed it, at his meals. We all know how he would come home "smoky and drinky" of an evening, how he left grease stains on the leaves of books, and dropped sealing-wax over the floor. But in his sleep the pure ethereal nature of the man was manifest. All grossness dropped from him. The face, whose intellectual beauty was of too restless a character in his waking hours, showed spiritualized through the mists of sleep, which descended on him "as softly as a shadow." In a gross person, says De Quincey, in that spirit of keenly critical yet impersonal observation, as if he himself were a being apart from others, which was peculiar to the opium-eater, "In a gross person laden with superfluous flesh and breathing heavily, this would not have been discoverable. But in Lamb, thin even to meagreness, spare and wiry as an Arab of the desert, or as Thomas Aquinas wasted by scholastic vigils, the affection of sleep seemed rather a network of ethereal gossamer, than of earthly cobweb—more like a golden haze falling upon him gently from the

heaven, than a cloud rising upward from the flesh. Motionless in his chair as a bust, breathing so gently as scarcely to seem entirely alive, he presented an image of repose, midway between life and death, like the repose of sculpture."

Charles Lamb, for all his eccentricities and the drop of wildness in his blood, was of a more conventional character than De Quincey and, bachelor though he was, of more domestic habits. While we have that glimpse of him asleep by his own fire-side, he was never, we believe, caught napping out of doors, as De Quincey himself might often have been, and in the dead of night, his lantern extinguished by his side, his thought-worn head pillowed on the bare ground.

Leigh Hunt dilates on the exquisite delight of sleeping under the sky. "Are there many moments more delicious," he asks, "than the one in which you feel yourself going to slumber, with the sense of green about you, of an air in your face, and of the great sky arching over your head."

Here is a glimpse of the philosopher of evolution indulging in such slumbers as might overtake a child tired out with picking flowers on a summer's day. After strolling, as he describes, amid the fresh dark green of the grand Scotch firs, set off by a fringe of distant green from the larches, "at last," he says, "I fell fast asleep on the grass, and awoke with a chorus of birds singing around me, and squirrels running up the trees, and some wood-peckers laughing, and it was as pleasant and rural a scene as ever I saw, and I did not care a penny how any of the beasts or birds had been formed." The sense of poetry in Darwin had evidently at this time not been wholly atrophied.

None better than Rousseau, sensuous dreamer that he was, knew the delights of "sleeping with the earth," as Walt Whitman phrases it. He has left on record a description of a night thus spent, which is enough to make a vagrant of the most confirmed house-lover. It was on the banks of the Rhone near Lyons, and tired out with pro-

longed rambles, "I slept voluptuously," he says, "on the sill of a kind of niche or false door opened in a terrace-wall. The canopy of my bed was formed of the tops of the trees; a nightingale was just above me; I fell asleep under his song."

"Of all gods," says an old writer, "sleep is dearest to the muses." Here are two glimpses of Wordsworth asleep. The poet went to church with Haydon. "We sat," says the painter, "among publicans and sinners. . . . I was much interested in seeing his venerable white head close to a servant in livery, and on the same level. The servant in livery fell asleep, and so did Wordsworth. I jogged him at the gospel, and he opened his eyes."

To be caught napping in church is bad enough. To fall asleep with one's back to the Venus de Medici might be thought still worse by some. Yet of this last enormity our own Wordsworth was likewise guilty, and says he was not ashamed to confess it, the day being very hot in Florence, and he worn out with sight-seeing—thus adding another image, though it exists but in fancy, to those contained within that treasury of art, the Tribuna of the Uffizi; that of a supreme English poet sitting dozing with his back to the statue that enchants the world, as insensible to its charms as one of his own mountains would have been.

"I never take a nap after dinner but when I have had a bad night," said Johnson, "and then the nap takes me." Mrs. Carlyle, with whom bad nights were the rule, was not taken by a nap in church, one Sunday afternoon, but deliberately took one. And the recording angel no doubt made light of the offence on the part of the tired, hard-pressed woman, if he did not actually blot it out. This is how she confesses it, with not the smallest show of compunction, in a letter to her husband.

"When the sermon began I made myself, at the bottom of it [the Bullers' deep pew] a sort of Persian couch out of the praying-cushions; laid off my bonnet, and stretched myself out very

much at my ease. I seemed to have been thus just one drowsy minute when a slight rustling and the words, 'Now to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,' warned me to put on my bonnet, and made me for the first time aware that I had been asleep."

A touching picture, more interesting in its way than that of Rousseau falling asleep to the nightingale's song, of Wordsworth nodding in church, even of Darwin asleep amongst his beasts and birds, is the heroic figure of Sir Walter struggling against the sense of bitter bereavement, an adverse fate, his own failing powers, and indulging in "drumly" slumbers, in spite of all his efforts to keep awake, over Anne of Geierstein, finding matter for sorrowful jest in the lack of stimulating interest in his work which, lit up with gleams of his old genius though it is, he feared might exercise the same somnolent effect upon his readers that it did upon himself. "I took up 'Anne,' and wrote, with interruption of a nap (in which my readers may do well to imitate me) till two o'clock"—an interruption to which he was subject throughout the task.

In nothing is the contrast between those two men, Scotchmen both, Carlyle and Scott, more strikingly shown than in the matter of sleep. Nothing short of a "treacle sleep" in which he could lie "sound as a stone" for hours could satisfy Carlyle. His naps were serious things, and if any inroad from without or within were made upon them anathemas and "waes me's" would be sure to follow; while constant nights of waking and aching would be met by Scott with scarce a grumble, or but a playful one. A dog, whose yelping had disturbed his slumbers, moved Carlyle to the jocosely savage wish that he had the animal by its hind legs within reach of a stone wall. "Bilious and headache this morning," notes Scott, under the influence of a like infliction occurring in the very midst of his sea of troubles. "A dog howl'd all night, and left me little sleep; poor cur!" with an outgoing of

sympathy towards the unconscious troubler of his repose; "I dare say he had his distresses, as I have mine."

But as De Quincey said of Mrs. Siddons, for whom he seems to have cherished an almost passionate admiration, that the worst of her presence was it seemed to dwarf that of every one else, even of otherwise most presentable people, so to read of Scott makes most others, even of the noblest and best, appear small by comparison.

There is something of pathos always in the sight of a great man lost for a moment to the responsibilities of his position, the burden of his own fame, and wrapped in such slumbers as might overtake the meanest son of toil. Whether it be Nelson snatching a moment's oblivion in sleep amid the restless scene of a Paris gambling-saloon, his head on Lady Hamilton's

shoulder, she "playing furiously" the while (as Mr. Frith, quoting from the lips of a bystander, Lord Northwick, records), yet evidently taking care not to disturb her hero's slumbers. Or Napoleon, before one of his great battles, asleep up to the last moment from sheer exhaustion. Savonarola, on the eve of his execution by fire, resting with his head on the knees of his black-hooded and veiled attendant, and smiling and speaking in his sleep. Or General Lee, that noblest figure in a fallen cause, lying sleeping, wearied out by the wayside in Virginia, while an army of fifteen thousand men trooped past, so silently that his slumber was not broken. Or only Pope, nodding, as he is said to have done, whenever the conversation failed to be epigrammatic.

PAULINE W. ROOSE.

**Sunstroke.**—The recent wave of sultry weather, attended, as it has been, by a considerable number of cases of so-called sunstroke, has drawn attention afresh to the injurious effects of exposure to high temperatures. These take three main forms, only one of which can be correctly described as sunstroke. A large number of people, especially those who are elderly and whose hearts are feeble, suffer simply from the exhaustion due to the excessive heat. This syncopal form may end rapidly in death, but usually simple measures, such as removal to a cool place, frictions to the body, and cold to the head, will lead to restoration. True sunstroke, the direct effect of heat upon the nervous centres, comes on usually while exertion is being made, as in marching, under a blazing sun, especially when the air is hot and the clothing is inappropriate. In the occasional bursts of hot weather which we have in England, people should, of course, avoid exertion, especially in the sun's rays; but care about clothing in the day, and the air of bedrooms in the night, are matters of, perhaps, even greater importance. Besides the few who suffer from sunstroke, a vast number suffer from heat, partly because they are swathed in tightly fitting clothes, partly because they sleep in

stifling bedrooms filled with the hot air of the day, instead of the cool breezes of the night.

Hospital.

**Poisonous Effects of Borax.**—The extensive use of compounds containing borax, which under various names are sold for preserving foods, lends a special interest to some observations of Dr. Ch. Féré of Paris, who has used borax in the treatment of intractable cases of epilepsy, and with success in certain cases. It is true that for this purpose it was necessary to give large doses for long periods, but in the course of the trial he met with a considerable number of persons who were peculiarly susceptible to borax. In them, loss of appetite was succeeded by burning pain in the pit of the stomach, dryness of the mouth, and eventually by nausea and vomiting. Borax produces also a remarkable dryness of the skin, which is found to favor, if not to cause, various skin diseases, especially eczema. The hair also becomes dry, and may fall out, causing complete baldness. The most dangerous result of the use of borax, however, is its power of producing kidney disease, or of converting a slight disorder of the kidneys into a fatal malady.

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